NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

The City Press.

From the Express.

THE "ANNIVERSARIES," as the week draws near to a close, go on much more spiritedly than they did, during the first two or three days. So far, we have kept our readers pretty well posted up with the interesting doings of such of our really philanthropic and religious societies as the public take, or are supposed to take, any real interest in; omitting for the most part the rabid incoherences of the Anti-Slaveryites, under the lead of Garrison, Phillips, Abbey Kelly Foster, and others of that like. First, because we have on hand other matters, of much more general importance, which claim precedence in the columns of the Express; and second, because we are by no means sanguine that a tithe of our readers would take the trouble to peruse, what of these delectable doings, a contrary conviction might persuade us to print. However, if there be any of our friends curious enough to know what is now saying and doing, and *ranting*, at the Tabernacle they will find it all faithfully reported in the Express for the second week of May, 1848. The same speeches that were made then, about a "dissolution of the Union," the same blackguardism of the Christian Church, North and South, and nearly about the same unbridled invective against the good men of all sections of the Union, now literally repeating over again, and repeated now so often that they have not even the little merit of novelty they once possessed. The clergy, the government, State and national; our various political and philanthropic institutions, no matter how sacred, or how respected—everything and everybody, in fact, upon which they can vomit their ribaldry, are damned and denounced in terms that would better become the spirits of darkness than men claiming to be rational human beings.

These yearly fulminations of wrath and bitterness, however, are not without their uses, as we have often before remarked. Our New-York Tabernacle is the safety valve through which escape all the radicalism and disunionism, which a misguided philanthrophy, here, and in some of the Eastern States, contrives to generate in the course of a twelvemonth. Were so much Billingsgate and petty treason kept corked up tight, and not allowed free egress, it might gather strength enough in process of time (using a homely phrase) to burst the bottle, and bring upon our heads a disaster, which can never happen, so long as we allow it to blow off steam as long, and as loud as it likes.

From the True Sun.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT THE TABERNACLE.—The greatly crowded meeting at the Tabernacle, to commemorate the Anti-Slavery anniversary of 1849, was opened with an impressive prayer by the Reverend Samuel May, junior, of Leicester. Mr. Garrison, who was advertised as one of the speakers, would make no other speech than to read passages from the Prophets. He would leave the platform to abler advocates. Mr. G. read at considerable length from the Bible, and with great earnestness. He then went on to illustrate the nature of the association which denounced those ministers of the Gospel who hold any intercourse with slaveholders, after which he read a document forwarded by the inhabitants of Buchan (Scotland), signed by over one thousand persons. The argument of the document went to contend that Christianity should be separated from Slavery.

Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, read a string of resolutions, which were to be made the groundwork of action during the session of the Society.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury, N. H., rose to address the meeting. He accused the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions with introducing to the people the doctrine that all national sin was organic. It was a dose of moral chloroform which so mesmerised the nation that it might be cut up at that moment into slices. (Laughter.) That Board of Foreign Missions did, in its proclamations, do more to retard the abolition of Slavery than any other cause. (Applause and hisses equally divided.) The speaker went on to read passages from a letter which appeared in a Georgian paper, written by a Southern clergyman against Mr. Henry Clay's letter on the subject of Emancipation. On the terms and matter of this letter the speaker commented with great bitterness and vehemence of language, and produced much confusion and division in the meeting.

Mr. Wendell Phillips followed in a truly eloquent speech, in which he imitated the indignant manner of the former speaker against the American Church. He contended that if the American Church spoke out *against* Slavery, it would be swept from off the face of the earth. He also inveighed against the politicians of the country—the Whigs, the Democrats, the Liberty men, and Free Soilers—and said that they all stopped short in the cause of liberty.

Mr. Frederick Douglass was introduced after Mr. Phillips, and addressed the meeting. He was followed by Miss Lucy Stone and others, and then the proceedings terminated.

From the New-York Sun.

NEW-YORK at this moment contains a larger amount of mind, philanthrophy, true heartedness and Quixotism than it has done since May, 1848. The most ardent reformers and zealous agitators throughout the Union are here. In many points each individual differs from his fellows but still there are common centres around which they revolve, common objects which they pursue. Yesterday they met at the different offices of their associations, and exchanged congratulations, and to-day the exciting business of the week commences. The Clerical Temperance Convention meets at nine o'clock, this morning, in the Brick Church Chapel and will be composed of venerable representatives from most of our religious denominations.

At ten o'clock the first session of the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society comes off at the Tabernacle. This is always one of the most spirited, piquant, lively May meetings and from appearances we conclude that the present one will be like its predecessors.

All the ultras of other organizations will of course make it a point to be present, and as usual there will be, no doubt, a strange compound of eloquence, zeal, pathos, truth and nonsense. The speakers for this morning will probably be Frederick Douglass, Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, but there are any number of other orators here, among whom we see Quincy, May, Pillsbury, Jackson, Davis, Brown, McKim, Mott, Foster, and Buffum, the eloquent C. C. Burleigh, the philanthropic Mrs. Mott, and the bold and pretty Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster. A goodly collection, each and every one of whom is ready at a moment's warning to do battle for his or her opinions with any and every one who will enter the lists. When the American Anti-Slavery Society adjourns it will be to meet in the afternoon at the Minerva Rooms.

In the afternoon the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, a kind of neutral ground, holds its anniversary in the Tabernacle. Some eloquent addresses may be expected. In the evening four anniversary meetings will take place. The New-York Colonization Society will meet at the Tabernacle to hear addresses from Ex-Governor Pinney and other eminent advocates of the cause. The Foreign Evangelical Society will meet at Dr. Hutton's church, corner of Wooster street and Washington Place. The American Society for the abolition of Capital Punishment, of which George M. Dallas, Ex-Vice President of the United States is President, will meet in the Minerva Rooms, and the Sunday School Union in the Central Presbyterian Church in Broome street.

From the Journal of Commerce.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.—The friends of these Societies do not seem to increase nor diminish very much. Fanaticism gains few converts after its first out-break, and men cling to error with great tenacity after having once adopted it. A greater contrast, or one more completely satisfactory to the minds of of good men, could not be found, than is exhibited by a comparison of the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society with that of any one of the great Societies of the Christian Church. In the former, nothing was heard but denunciation of all that is good, and pure, and peaceable, and all that men and children have been taught to reverence; in the latter, the mild and holy doctrines of evangelical truth. In the former, undisguised and self-vaunting hatred to all men save one small class; in the other, peace and good will and love to all. In the former, each man vies with each in seeking opprobrious epithets and foul language to heap upon those who think differently from himself; in the latter, the golden rule of kindness and fervent prayer for those that err. If a man could possibly withdraw himself from the matters in controversy, and take a position as an impartial judge to decide on the merits of their case by the tone and manner of the advocates, he could not long doubt. It is notoriously characteristic of the Abolitionists proper, that they give no man credit for sincerity. Calm argument is unknown to them, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury and others, are better known through their acquaintance with the vocabulary of Billingsgate, than in any other way. "Each man in his own vernacular," was the witty exclamation of the latter when he was loudly hissed on the stage. His audience were startled at the boldness with which he avowed that the language he was then using, (and which justly called forth the indignation of the respectable portion of his hearers), was his own vernacular!

Wendell Phillips, the finished orator and advocate, has already learned that the course pursued by his fellows is at once low and ineffectual. With the true perception of the gentleman, he, in his late speech, rose above the vulgarity of the man who preceded him, and gained the undivided attention of his audience. He has learned that denunciation will not operate, and he now resorts to argument. With what success, we leave those who heard him to determine. In our view his speech was a signal failure, and he seemed to feel it so. Twice or thrice he hesitated and stammered, as we have never before known him to do. Let us then ask whether in a comparison of the efforts of these men on Tuesday with the efforts of the Seamen's Friend, the Tract, the Home Missionary, and other Societies, they, or the latter, give best evidence of being in the right, and the best promise of ultimate good. One thing is certain: Until Abolitionism becomes decent and gentlemanly, and models itself somewhat after the ways of the Christian world, it will meet with contempt instead of sympathy.

From the Express

The second week in May, just gone by, will form forever a notable page in the annals of New York, and the history of the whole country, indeed.

It was begun with the first of the religious anniversaries, followed up by the disturbance at the Astor Place Theatre, on Monday night, and the bloodier outrage of Thursday. Over these scenes, would that the curtain which then fell on Macbeth could cover up from mortal gaze forever the many sad reminiscences of the real tragedy which still remain behind!

The Anniversaries have been almost forgotten.—There was no time to read the newspaper reports of their doings, hardly, so intense and so all-pervading was the excitement created by the mob; nay, indeed, some of these very anniversaries were forced to adjourn their deliberations by the rattle of musketry, and the tempest of popular passion that was raging about their ears in the vicinity.

The Abolition gentry who came here to make a noise—only to amuse us, and to irritate their slaveholding brethren at the South—have gone home, disappointed and complaining that their rantings and ravings were not heard in the theatrical row that was going on during the whole week.

The Socialists, too, and the Humanitarians, and the Industrial Convention men, through their mountebankism and idiosyncracies, were never so exquisitely silly, failed to get a hearing from the public, no, not even in the newspapers, save those only irreclaimably devoted to the propagation of the peculiar kind of good-natured, well-meaning nonsense whose advocates and disciples they avow themselves.

The *Washington Union* has a correspondent here who, doubtlessly apprehensive that in the noise Forrest and Macready were making, the world would be deprived of the amusement it always derives from the conclaves these crack-brain reformers hold every year, magnanimously volunteered to supply the omission to report, of which most of the newspapers were unpardonably guilty.

This writer, then, when the rest of the city was creating or trying to put down a disturbance in Astor Place, stepped into a small room somewhere up in Broadway, to listen to the Fourier and Social talk, which he had been told was to "come off" there.

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After enlightening us thus much, as to the curious doings of our New York philosophers, the Union writer next dropped into one of the Anti-Slavery councils. What he heard and saw there, he tells so humorously, and so briefly withal, that we cannot resist the temptation to copy:—

The most remarkable effort was that of a dirty little shrivelled up man, who, not content with abusing the South, society, and the Christian church, whacked away with right hearty good will upon the practices of his own companions, the Garrisonites. The audience listened complacently enough to all this balderdash until he was pretty well into this branch of his speech. Then came the hisses, with which they occasionally vary their *free* discussions. At length a fat old lady, herself looking out of the eyes as if just out of a lunatic asylum, waddled up to the foot of the platform, and pointing up to the speaker, pronounced, in a shrill voice, 'That man's crazy.' This set all the rest of the crazy folks in a roar. Indeed, such a collection of bedlamites I never before saw out of asylums. Wendell Phillips and Garrison were present. The latter is a very ordinary-looking enthusiast, whose countenance and person are redolent with the canting expression so common to those who, in the North, live after this fashion; on the gullibility of half crazed people.—Mr. Phillips is a tall, gentlemanly-looking person, with thin light hair and blue eyes, apparently some thirty-seven or eight years of age. He has a finely developed head, and an aristocratic turn of countenance ill according with the ugly mugs of the black spirits and white sprinkled around him. He possesses undoubtedly, one of the first minds in New England, though upon this subject the world has long since pronounced him as deranged as his co-labourers, Abby Kelly and Lucretia Mott. His speech was a dignified argument against Slavery, sliding rarely into the extravagances of which all said by the others was made up. He evidently appeared ashamed of his company. The showing of this society evinces that they are making no progress."

It was our aim, during anniversary week, to keep the reader well apprised of what we conceived the public desired most to know: the doings for the year of all our truly benevolent and philanthripic societies, for the most part throwing away the notes our reporters had taken of the rampant and ridiculous exhibitions which the correspondent of the Union so felicitously describes; an our only object in referring to them now is to show that the lunacy of the people who participated therein was as faithfully prominent as ever.

The theatrical riot, and the excitement resulting therefrom, were much regretted by our *pseudo* philosophers, who came here to be heard and seen, and to be talked about in the newspapers. They could not get a hearing; but we are not aware that these terrible occurrences materially interfered with the less pretending but really useful societies and associations that had objects far more commendable in view, and better business to attend to.

From the Morning Star.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—At the Tabernacle.—The Rev. Samuel May, Jr., of Lester, opened the meeting with an impressive prayer. Mr. Garrison read passages from the Prophets as the only speech he would make on the occasion. To other more competent persons he would yield the platform. After his completion of his reading, he proceeded to define the principles of the Society, denouncing all professors of religion who held any communion with slaveholders.

In pursuance of this course, he read a document from the inhabitants of Buchan, (Scotland,) signed by over 1000 persons, in which the signers pressed the necessity of separating Christianity from Slavery. Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, read a series of resolutions, on which action would be taken during the session at the Minerva Rooms. Mr. Parker Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, accused the American Board of Foreign Missions, of introducing the doctrine, that all national sin was organic. That was a dose of moral chloroform, which so mesmerized the nation, that it might be cut into slices. We accused the Board of Foreign Missions of retarding, by its proclaimed opinions, the abolition of Slavery, more than any other cause. (Applause and disapprobation.)

Mr. Wendell Phillips followed in a beautiful speech. He spoke in firm but moderate language against the American church, and said if she raised her voice against Slavery, their society, then met together, would be nowhere. He likewise called to account the politicians of the nation, and accused them of short comings and omissions in the cause of liberty.

Mr. Phillips concluded amidst mingled cheers and hisses.

Mr. F. Douglass then took the stand, and spoke at length, in his usual style. He was followed by Miss Lucy Stone, and others, and the proceedings ended, after a long sitting.

From the [Sunday Morning] Era.

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But preëminent above all in wild foolery and faint virulence, were the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is not our purpose or desire to advocate the cause of Slavery—we leave the entire subject to men better qualified to discuss it. But no man of sober sense could listen without contempt and derision to the fierce tirades in which these "apostles" have indulged. Such specimens of declamation without argument, of passionate tepidness, of personal abuse, as were born of the agonizing throes of these gentlemen's feeble fury, it has never been our fortune to hear before. No one, we fancy, will believe that converts to any cause can be gained by intemperance of expression, or that venemous malice will enhance philanthropy.* * * *

From the Spectator.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—At the close of our report yesterday, Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, was delivering a tirade of abuse against Church and the Union. He spoke for a long time and was followed by Frederick Douglass, but at so late an hour, that most of the audience began to retire, and Mr. Douglass brought his remarks to a close. The meeting then adjourned, to reassemble at the Minerva Rooms in the afternoon and evening. We looked in at the room in the afternoon—a darker, more cheerless, and more uncomfortable place can scarcely be imagined—and heard some remarks by Mr. Pillsbury, a man possessing great natural powers. Both the speaker and audience appeared to participate in the gloom of the place.

The *Express*, whose editor is known among his editorial brethren by the significant *soubriquet* of "Booby Brooks," thus speaks of Mr. Phillips' speech at the Tabernacle:

We have a long report of this speaker's address, but really it is so void of argument and is such a tissue of abuse, of all that good and wise men have learned to revere and love, that we decline publishing it.

The Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for the Standard by W. HENRY BURR, *Phonographer.*

Hope Chapel.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Society met according to adjournment, Mr. GARRISON in the Chair. Mr. May, one of the Secretaries, read the Resolutions before the meeting; after which, WM. L. GARRISON, addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman, I have been requested to say to the audience that it is desired by those who have admitted us to this place this evening, that no demonstrations of applause should be made; the reason given is this, that we are under a Church. If we were anywhere else it might be that our *love of liberty* would be very apt to break forth and manifest itself even through our feet, and no offence would be given and none taken. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and where liberty is, there is the place to plead the cause of the oppressed, and to manifest in every natural way our sympathy with the slave, and our adoration of the cause of human freedom. Now, this is the calamity to the Christianity of this land, and not of this land only, but it is universal, that we and our houses, our days, our times, our seasons, our ordinances, and all these merely external things are sanctified and holy, are enforced upon us as worthy of our most sacred regard. And we have learned the lesson well, preëminently well, as other people in other lands have learned the same lesson. But as for man, created in the Divine image, made but a little lower than the angels, we have not been taught to regard *him* as sacred: as for his rights, God-given and inalienable, we have not been taught to regard them as such, but as given only to be taken away in case the individual has not a skin coloured like our own. I do not marvel, therefore, that we have sanctified days, times, seasons, ordinances, and houses; but we have forgotten to remember who man is, and what he is. I do not marvel that we, like the Jews of old, can "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." I do not marvel that to-night, with all our sacred places, with all our holy days, with all our houses of God, so called, with all our church organizations, we have three millions of our countrymen, clanking their chains, smarting under the lash of the driver, ranked with the beasts of the field, and treated as such.

We must reverse the whole of this. There is nothing sacred under heaven but man—"Him first, him midst, and him without end," in regard to this matter of sacredness. Men need to understand this, that the incidentals, or the machinery to elevate the man are not the things sacred; but that man, as created in the Divine image, was to receive no detriment as to his natural liberty which God intended him to enjoy. All these forms, and seasons, and times are not of heaven but of man, and if they are of any use it is only to elevate man. If they do not therefore tend to promote his freedom and his happiness, they ought to be trampled under foot or cast aside. Here we are, under a church. I speak not invidiously, of this particular church; I know nothing of its character, or of its congregation, or pastor—but we are here under a church; that is just where Anti-Slavery has been—with the church on top of it. All the way through its progress the church has been pressing down upon it, putting it beneath itself and assuming to regard us as unworthy to come up and stand side by side with itself.

Now the church, by whatever name called, after professing to be Christian, should throw its doors wide open to receive our calls; it should not wait to be asked or supplicated, but its doors should be ever opened, ever ready to receive the advocates of freedom and the enemy of Slavery; and why? What is the mission of the church? It is redemption; it is the overturning of the kingdom of Satan; it is the promulgation of the principles and doctrines of Christ; it is to proclaim liberty to the captive; it is to consummate the mission of Jesus. The advocate of human liberty of all men should be the first to enter the church, and the first to be welcomed by the church. Show me a body calling itself by the name of Christ which stops its ears to the cries of the poor, and needy, and oppressed, which strikes hands with thieves and consents with adulterers, and you show me a church that is guilty of cruelty, fraud and great wickedness—a church to be assailed and scourged, and reduced to powder. Three millions of our countrymen are without the Bible; the American church professes to regard its circulation among men as essential to their salvation, as needful to make them wise unto salvation. Three millions of our countrymen are stripped of that book by law; not left by accident, not left in the condition of those in the islands of the sea who have it not because it can not be proffered, but because the laws forbid its circulation among them—simply because it has not been circulated. In our land we are not only guilty of this terrible impiety of neglect of them, but we say, "They shall not have that which we call the Word of God; they shall neither read it nor be allowed to learn to read anything contained in it." Now it seems to me as clear as any proposition can be that they who look on and see our coloured population deprived of this book and care nothing for it, who raise no voice against it, who feel not horror stricken in view of it, are not believers in the book. They do not believe that book to be the Word of God; they do not appreciate it. No matter if they are officers and supporters of the Bible Society and are zealous in giving the Bible to those who are destitute in our own country and over the world; if they do not feel moved in their inmost souls with horror in view of the fact that three millions of the American population are denied by law the possession and reading of that book, they are unbelievers in it; and when they pretend to reverse it there is no truth in them, because if it is the Word of God, it is the Word of God to all men; and if it is essential to make those who are in the islands of the sea wise unto salvation, it is essential to our slave population. Therefore the man who loves the book at all, loves it for the race; he who believes it good for one man believes it good for all men, and he who can look on and see one human being deprived of it, much less he who can strike hands with the oppressor who takes it away, is infidel to the book, and is only zealous in circulating it elsewhere because it is fashionable to do so, or because there is a show of piety in it. For there is no cross in this giving the Bible abroad. Men are not tried by doing that which everybody does, and which everybody is disposed to do. When religion walks in silver slippers it is easy enough to follow in her footsteps. When men are praising a particular object, it is not a great cross to praise that object. We are tested in our love of virtue and truth, and our fear of God when opposition looks us in the face, because we will do right—when persecution, reproach, and contumely are arrayed against us, because we are unpopular in doing right.

Men profess to receive Christ as their Saviour now; what does it prove in regard to them? Do you know anything of their character by their profession? Who finds it difficult now to profess to believe in the Christian faith? Why the time has gone by long since when it was proof of any man's moral character to profess Christianity. It is fashionable to believe in Christianity, quite unfashionable not to do so. It is very safe and popular and advantageous for a man to profess to believe in Christ and be a Christian; it is very unsafe and not at all advantageous for a man to disbelieve Christianity. But at the present day we have no real test of character by a man's profession of Christianity. There has been a time in the history of our race, when for one to say, "I believe in the Son of God; he is my Redeemer; I believe in the Gospel," was a test of character; it showed a spirit which soared above all human opinions or human institutions, which was not afraid of persecution, of the rack, or of the fires of martyrdom. These were the times that tried men's soul's religiously.

In regard to the marriage institution, I do not see how any one can pretend to believe in its sacredness who is not deeply moved with horror in view of the abolition of the marriage institution among the slave population. If the human mind has any intelligence and light on th is subject, I do not see how it is possible for a person to be virtuous and not cry out against slaveholding as a damning sin, even if there be only this single feature about it,—it abolishes the marriage institution. It is one great, active volcanoe of lust and impurity throwing out its lava, spreading desolation and death, blighting every green thing; it is Sodom and Gomorah combined; it is one mighty stream of pollution—no marriage, no protection for virtue. Tell me whether virtue be in the hearts of those who are striking hands with slaveholders in Christian fellowship or in political fellowship? What is virtue? Is there any such thing as virtue? Is there any such thing as marriage sacred before God? Why not then sacred to the slave as well as to you or me? What if your State government should have power strong enough to strike down the marriage institution, and make concubinage universal? Is not the thought horrible? And yet your Empire State is not populous enough to compare with the slave population of the South, who are without the marriage institution. Tell me whether the curse of God be not resting upon the upholders of that institution in our land. Is it true that judgments fell upon Sodom and Gomorah? why not upon us? What form of uncleanness does not prevail where this institution exists? Why, let the slave mother dare to raise her hand to protect her virtue, and the infamous monster who dares to claim her as his property may strike her dead with impunity. And yet slaveholders are reputable men, honourable men, Godly men; they fill our churches, occupy our pulpits, hold high places in the State, and control the Union, while he who sympathizes with the down trodden and oppressed is one to be hated, to be anathamatized, to be calumniated, to be ranked among the off-scouring of all men. Talk of virtue, talk of a faith in the Bible as the word of God? It is a delusion and a lie. The American people are given up to oppression and to uncleanness, and the victims are ready at any time to testify and will go as swift witnesses before the bar of God to testify against us as a people.

In our meetings this season, I have heard some speakers say that we attack the church for such reasons. It is not exactly the phraseology that I would use. I deny that we have attacked the church; I deny that we have been the aggressors in this matter. I deny that we have travelled out of our aim to see if we cannot have a quarrel with the church. On the contrary, we are church members, many of us. We were brought up to revere the church; we ever believed it to be the church of God before our eyes were anointed in regard to this system of Slavery, and we saw the guilt of it. We had all our prejudices to overcome in this matter. We did all we could to avoid coming to the conclusion that that which we had looked upon as sacred was indeed anything else but the church of God. No, we do not attack the church. The church attaked the slaves and the slaves' advocate, and the defenders of liberty were necessitated to repel the blows which the church inflicted upon them. If the American church were against Slavery (perhaps some of you will say and believe that it is) we should know it in a twofold way. First, as to the estimation in which the church is held by the slaveholders on the one hand and then by the advocates of freedom on the other. Tell me whether the American slaveholders have any controversy with the American church? If the church is Anti-Slavery, then of course they have. If the church is on the side of the slave to defend him, then of course the slave is supplicating the benediction of God upon the church, and the slaveholder is gnashing his teeth upon it. What are the facts? You know them all. The slave power has no controversy with the American church; it finds its choicest refuge in the bosom of the church; it is defended and sanctified in the name of the Lord, and the Scriptures are marshalled in support of this cruel institution. Then it is nothing else than treachery, and our business is to unmask it and expose its rottenness, for only in so doing is there any hope for the redemption of the slave. It is the prevailing religion in all lands screening and sanctifying popular abominations, that is the difficulty in the way of reform. You cannot politically sanctify sin and have it prevail popularly when your religion condemns that sin; and whatever in any land is upheld by the church of the land, whether that church be Mahomnedan or Christian, or any other so called, you have first either to crush the church, or else so to overcome its opposition to the cause of righteousness as to enlist its support, before any popular sin can be put down.

Is the slave a man, my friend? Is he a man? Who made him? Where shall we place him? Has he the features of a man? the form of a man? Is he accountable to the same God that we are? Did Jesus die for him as well as for us? Is he under the same law of God?—Are the same precepts laid down for his obedience which are laid down for ours? Is he to be measured by the Bible, if you please, as well as ourselves? What say you? Is he a man? Where will you place him, I ask? If he is less than a man, how much less? That is the guide which God gives to him in order to govern his actions as a being less than a man? Can you tell me?—You will not say that he is wholly a beast. Even they who have the leprosy of prejudice most virulent will not say that he is wholly a beast. Is he half, two-thirds a beast? If he is, how shall we measure him? What will you require of him? What shall be the punishment that shall be meted out to him in case of disobedience? Not the degree of punishment meeted out to man, but probably something less. Now those who are forward in denying the equality of the negro with the white man, when they come to talk of punishment in regard to any wrong act, are always disposed to have the heaviest punishment given to the coloured man as compared with the white man.

For instance, Slavery illustrates it in a remarkable way in Virginia. You know there are there something like seventy-two crimes, which if the slave shall commit, he shall be executed, whereas, the white man can only find two or three which will subject him to the gallows. What does this imply, as a matter of justice? Of course if we look at this subject of punishment, it implies that the slave is not only a man but he is superhuman, and sins against so much light that the penalty is to be increased. The punishment is to be multiplied because condemnation should be in proportion to the guilt, so that in fact on one hand, while by law we degrade them to the condition of beasts, on the other we try them when they do wrong as though they were angels, who sin against higher light than we could possibly obtain here on earth.

Now the great difficulty we have to contend with in this land in regard to our Anti-Slavery movement is an unwillingness to see in the form and face of the slave, a man. The moment we recognize in him a child of God, one like ourselves, all difficulties vanish, we cease our cavillings against the Abolitionists, we feel in fact that they are tame when they are pleading the cause of the slave. The moment we make the case of the slave our own; for instance, as husbands whose wives are ready for the public auction block, whose children are to be put in the scales to be sold by the pound to the highest bidders, that moment we cease to have any fault to find with those who plead the cause of the Southern slave. Talk about the excessive zeal of the Abolitionists! It is cold. Talk about his hard language! It is not beginning to speak—at least you and I would say so if we were in the condition of the slave. O, we should marvel that they who pretend to sympathise with us, did not know how to lighten, did not know how to thunder as we would if God should only put us into their places.

Now, here we are to night representing the slaves in our land. "On the side of the oppressor there is power": on the side of the oppressed there are few to stand up. Here we are, how shall we feel, how shall we act? I tell you friends that in pleading the cause of the Southern slave, I never have thought of that slave out of myself, or out of my own family. No, let God be my witness. I have at least endeavoured to approximate to the condition of the slave. It is a matter of living principle. Any human being in bondage is but another copy of myself. Therefore said Jesus, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Yes, in that slave mother, my mother I see: in that wife, my wife is there: in that slave child about to be turned away forever by the ruthless hand of the tyrant, my own child I see about to be torn from me. Can I therefore have any dimness of moral perception in regard to such a subject? No, my vision is clear. Can I err when I sit in judgment upon such conduct? No, nature is true within us. There is no slaveholder in the land who will not confess that if he were in the condition of the slave, he would feel that the Abolitionists as representing his case, were anything but true to that case, because they come so far short of the zeal, and energy, and fidelity which the case required.

Whatever we may say or think, or stop to hear from the lips of any prejudiced person, God looks upon the slave as a man; Christ regards him as one worthy of redemption. So do we, friends, and if we can only get you, and the rest of the people of our non-slaveholding States to come into this state of mind, the work is done: there will be no more clanking of chains, there will be no more shrieks and groans of those under the lash of the driver going up to heaven; the day will have come for the jubilee song to be sung. I do not ask any aid on the part of the South to abolish Slavery; I only ask the North to take sides with the slave, even by only withdrawing their influence and support now given to the slaveholder—standing passive, if you please, letting the line of demarkation run broad between them and the oppressors, leaving the settlement of the question to be made on the part of the slave and the slaveholder in the South, and the work is done.

What a country is this in which we live! Human beings flying by night, afraid of the glorious sun of heaven, afraid to be seen in the broad daylight, afraid of every human being that they meet, like the wild beasts dreading the light of day and coming out by night, endeavouring to find their way out of our land, fearful of everything that they hear or see, encountering storms and peril, enduring untold sufferings for the sake of gaining their freedom. Yet we are a nation of freemen, we are a Christian people, we have a glorious Union and a glorious Constitution.

Friends, I am stating nothing new, I am exaggerating nothing. These are the simple facts, and most imperfectly stated, from the weakness in which they are presented. I blush for the land in which I live. It is not my country. No, my country is not stained with human blood; my country is a free country, where liberty dwells there is my country. (The audience here made a demonstration of applause, notwithstanding the urgent request to the contrary at the opening of the meeting.) It is the land of my nativity, I love it as such. I want to see it become the glory of all lands. I long to see it true to its Declaration of Independence. I long to see it true to its Christian profession. It might take the lead of the world. It was first independent among the nations of the earth, and we ought long since to have had every throne in the world cast down. We ought long since, through the power of our glorious example, to have had all the nations of the earth rejoicing in liberty. If sixty years ago, in forming our Constitution, we had only proclaimed liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof, no throne, I believe, would now be found on earth. All the people would have been magnetised by our example, and despotism would have been unknown in the world. O, this power of Slavery! We have a mighty work to do. Who has not measured this mighty power of Slavery! At the very sound of it men turn pale. Slavery, a Southern institution! Why then is it that the dweller on the banks of the Penobscot trembles and dares not whisper a word against it except at the peril of his reputation and his interests? How is it that on the hills of New Hampshire, on the green mountains of Vermont, as well as in South Carolina and Georgia, men are afraid to speak out their real sentiments in regard to Slavery? It is because the power is omnipresent, omnisient, omnipotent. It is because it is the dispenser of all forms politically; it holds all the offices in the land in its own power. It is because it has subjected the Church and the religion of the land. Therefore there is none that dare to confront it unless he is willing to be ranked among the noble army of martyrs and confessors in days of old.

This power is not to be overthrown without a tremendous struggle. In the language of one of our resolutions, "It is essential for the deliverance of the slave that the Union should go down, a Union cemented with the blood of the slave at the outset." Is it not true that even at the outset of our Government, when our fathers were just fresh from the battle for independence, with the fire of liberty burning brightest in their bosoms, even then when Slavery was a very little power comparatively and of very little value, the American Union could not be formed until the national guaranties should be thrown around it? And if it was necessary to form a Union at that time, where do we stand now? We have three millions of slaves with their value in property estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars. We have sixteen slave States in our Union. How long could our guaranties be sustained beyond the condition that you shall be slave catchers and connive at the bloody abominations of the slave States, when you very well know that when you will no longer act out these things, the Union is at an end? What an absurdity that freemen and tyrants can make a Union. Suppose one half the members of our Congress were monarchists, what sort of a legislation should we expect? The idea of monarchists being allowed there and having privileges is absurd and every republican sees it. You have one of the worst of monarchists there, a tyrant of all tyrants, a man-thief. If you talk about the glorious Union, you talk about freedom who are robbing humanity of all its rights. It is impossible for Christ and Belial to unite. It is impossible for light and darkness to be reconciled—for liberty and Slavery to exist on the same soil. Slavery exists on our soil, therefore we have no liberty.

Friends, are you prepared to enter into this great conflict, this new revolution, this great struggle for independence? What does the South give us in return for our coöperation? We have allowed ourselves to be humbled by the South. We have done all we could to strengthen the system, and what have we got in return? Does the South respect and honour us? Does it care for us? Is it of any advantage to us? It spurns us always. It is willing to welcome us as long as we will do its evil work, but the moment any spirit of freedom is seen rising here, it treads that spirit down as it treads down its own slaves, seeking its subjection, and if necessary, its extirpation.

For one, my mind is made up in this matter. I am an Abolitionist; I am not ashamed of the name nor the profession. O, that I may be worthy of both! I hate Slavery. The slave is one on whose side I desire to be recognized. I thank the slaveholder for his certificate in regard to my fidelity to the slave. I thank him for his testimony that I am not on his side. I desire no higher eulogy than this: to know that the tyrant hates and abhors me. I only want to know that the slave blesses me. (Applause.) That he has his tears of gratitude to give me. The moment he can break his chains and come where he may find a friend, he comes to me that he may give me his blessing—that he may say: "Go on in the name of God and of those who are left behind, go on; you are speaking the words of cheer to our souls, you are pleading for us. Be not intimidated by what man or devils may do; go on; God is with you." The slaves are with us. This testimony has again and again been given, and their thanks have again and again come up to us, bidding us God speed, and thus confirming the witnesses in our own souls, that we are doing the work and the will of God. Let the will of God be done. (Applause.)

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—Mr. Chairman—I think we, as Abolitionists, are apt to overrate the intelligence of our audiences with respect to their knowledge of Slavery, and also with respect to their knowledge of the guilt of the churches. I think there are few people out of the ranks of the Abolitionists, who really know anything of the real position of the American Church in regard to Slavery. We meet in this city from year to year and denounce the pro-slavery position of the American Church and Clergy, but we seldom have time to lay before our meetings any facts connected with the proceedings of the Churches in regard to Slavery. I propose in the few remarks that I shall make this evening to say a word with respect to this sort of evidence, and to give a few facts which are familiar enough to the Abolitionist, but which are quite unknown, I have reason to believe, even to the very church members themselves. The ministers know what action they have taken on the subject of Slavery, but the people know very little about it.

Take for instance, the Methodist Episcopal Church.—That Church probably wields an influence in this country second to no other in the land. In the year 1836, when the question of Slavery was rocking this country from centre to circumference and when the lives of Abolitionists were scarcely safe at times from the fury of the mobs that were howling round their persons and their houses, this subject came up before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It seems that two ministers of that denomination ventured to lecture upon, and in favour of emancipation in the city of Cincinnati. The very next day after these lectures were given, the Rev. Stephen G. Roszell, a distinguished minister in that Church, brought forward two or three distinct resolutions setting forth the views of the General Conference with respect to Slavery. What were these views? They declared in their first resolution, in Annual Conference assembled, "that they were wholly opposed to modern Abolitionism, and that they wholly disapproved of the conduct of the two ministers who were reported to have lectured upon and in favour of this agitated topic." They went further; and in another resolution declared, "that they were not only wholly opposed to modern Abolitionists, but *they had no right, no wish, no intention to interfere with the relations existing between masters and slaves in the Southern States of our Union.* These resolutions were adopted by that large conference, with only eleven voting against them. An overwhelming concourse of divines professing to be called of God to preach the Gospel, to proclaim deliverance to the captive and the opening of the prison doors to those that were bound, de-

clared before the world that they had "no right, no wish, no intention to interfere with the relations of masters and slaves." The slaveholders rejoiced in that action. They could smoke their pipes in comfort when they got a knowledge of the proceedings of that body of divines.—They could hear of revivals of religion going on in the Church with the utmost complacency. They felt in no wise alarmed but rather strengthened by the members that were added to that Church, for that Church so far from being an abolition Church, had "no right, no wish, no intention to interfere with the relation of master and slave." That is the religion for me, said the slaveholder. There sat the bondman before that body of Methodist divines in his chains calling upon them in the name of God and of humanity to give him his freedom and deliver him from his bonds. Deliver me from my chains! was the cry that came up from the lips of three millions of bondmen, and yet these Methodist clergymen responded, "we have no right, no wish, no intention to give you freedom."

How is it with the Presbyterian Christian. You know that a few years ago, through the agency of the Abolitionists in New England. A large number of petitions and memorials were sent to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, calling upon that body to pass resolutions declaring Slavery to be only a *moral evil*. They stated that that body had already denounced dancing, declaring it to be incompatible with church membership to move the feet at the sound of music, and they believed that their consciences were now becoming alive at least to something more than the sin of dancing. They were encouraged therefore to send petitions asking these divines merely to consider Slavery to be a moral evil. So the General Assembly passed this resolution in answer to their memorials:

"Resolved, That it is inexpedient and not for the edification of the Church to pass any judgment in respect to Slavery."

It is the boast of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country that it never has anything to do with such sins as Slavery. It is their boast that their Church has not been distracted or disturbed by this agitating topic.—To be sure it has had some other topics that have agitated the public mind to some extent, which I need not mention here. If I were in a Moral Reform meeting I might speak of them. (Laughter.) But as to the question of American Slavery, it is their boast that they are not disturbed by it. The groans of heart-broken millions come up on every breeze, but they do not hear them, they are indifferent about them: "we are worshipping the Lord," say they, "we are engaged in giving honours to God; that is our business."

Now I have taken these three Christian, Churches and they are for samples of the rest. The Baptists are no better than the Methodists and Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians are as bad as either. They are all as pro-slavery as they well can be. It is because these churches have passed resolutions favouring Slavery, and have in other cases resolved to have nothing to do with the matter, that we are compelled to attack them if we would be faithful to Slavery. And if there is one thing that leads me to identify myself with the American Anti-Slavery Society, more than another, it is their readiness at all times and in all circumstances to apply the highest and the most radical Anti-Slavery tests to all parties, all institutions, and all organizations of the land. I have been into various Anti-Slavery meetings since I came to this city, and I have heard speeches on various branches of the Anti-Slavery topic; but the most earnest, the most sincere, the most radical tone of sentiment from any quarter has been from the platform of the old fashioned Garrisonian Abolitionists. (Applause.) I mention this for the benefit of some I see before me who attended these other meetings, and who think that because everything went on orderly at them it indicates great progress.

Why, the other day I went into the meeting of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and after a long abstract of the report was read and my soul was fired up with the expectation of hearing Slavery denounced and its supporters held up to the detestation of all those who loved the slave, while I was waiting to get my spiritual strength renewed, a grave gentleman arose and said "the next thing in order will be music." (Laughter.)—Now Anti-Slavery meetings, according to my notion, should not be very orderly. I like the wild disorder of our free-discussion meetings. I like to hear the earnest voice of Anti-Slavery, so far forgetting the character of its speech, and manner of its delivery, that almost any person may be able to take exceptions to the remarks made. I always feel glad when I have a thousand explanations to make after I go away from Anti-Slavery meetings. When I have spoken in such a way as to lead the people to think that I am a despiser of religion, or that I hate the very name of a clergyman, or that I am myself an Infidel, then I feel that I have done something towards leading the people to think of their responsibility in regard to Slavery.

I believe the grand reason why we have Slavery in this land at the present moment is that we are too religious as a nation, in other words, that we have substituted religion for humanity—we have substituted a form of Godliness, an outside show for the real thing itself. We have houses built for the worship of God, which are regarded as too sacred to plead the cause of the down-trodden millions in them. They will tell you in these churches that they are willing to receive you to talk to them about the sins of the Scribes and Pharisees, or on the subject of the heathenism of the South Sea Islands, or on any of the subjects connected with missions, the Tract Society, the Bible Society, and other Societies connected with the Church, but the very moment you ask them to open their mouths for the liberation of the Southern slaves, they tell you, that is a subject with which they have nothing to do, and which they do not wish to have introduced into the Church; it is foreign to the object for which churches in this country were formed, and houses built.

The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society seems to have fallen into the errors of supposing that the distribution of the Bible among the slaves will be the means of their ultimate liberation. I should not wonder, if the slaves could be allowed to make known to that Society its view of their efforts to give them liberty, if they should say "First give us ourselves and then we will get Bibles." What the slave begs for is his freedom and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society comes forward and says "Here is a Bible." To be sure, they say they would be glad to have the slave free, but I ask any of you who were present in their meeting yesterday and heard the speech made by Mr. Henry Bibb, if the chief design of that Society did not seem to be, to give the slave the Bible, which when it is given him he cannot read. For my part I am not for giving the slave the Bible or anything else this side of his freedom. Give him that first and then you need not give him anything else. He can get what he needs. (Applause.) I know that the inference was left in the minds of some who attended that meeting that the Old Organization were not in favour of giving the Bible to the slaves, for the Society arrogated to itself a great amount of piety in that it was in favour of giving the Bible to the slave, and it was said by their speaker, I believe, that if the old Abolitionists had gone to work and tried to distribute the Bible among the slaves, ere this, Slavery would have been abolished. Now what we want is first to give the slave himself. It is but another attempt to mend old garments with new cloth—to put new wine into old bottles, to think of giving the slave the Bible without first giving him himself. God did not say to Moses "Tell my people to serve me that they may go free," but "Go and tell Pharoah to *let my people go* that they may serve me."—(Great applause.) The first thing is freedom. It is the all important thing. There can be no virtue without freedom—there can be no obedience to the Bible without freedom. When the slave is free he can own a Bible; but suppose we carry it to him now, what is the law of Slavery? It is that the slave shall be taken, deemed, reputed and judged in law to be property to all intents and purposes whatsoever. Now how can property own property—how can property own the Bible? It takes persons to own property, but the personality of the slave is annihilated. He is not looked upon or treated in any way as a person except when he is to be punished.

I throw out these remarks because I think there is danger of confounding our Anti-Slavery duties, with what are not our Anti-Slavery duties. There is an attempt on the part of some professedly Anti-Slavery advocates to make themselves out as *the religious advocates* of Anti-Slavery and all others as irreligious advocates of the cause.

Mr. Foster (interposing) I should like to now if Henry Bibb and the rest of the men concerned in that movement, professedly to give the Bible to the slave, are not, all of them without exception fully aware of the fact that they cannot give the Bible to the slave and that no matter how much money they may collect for that purpose they dare not and do not mean to do so? I ask therefore if it is not a deceptive moment, intended to misguide and beguile the people of the North who are beginning to be aroused to a sense of their duty of doing something for the slave?

Mr. Douglass. I am inclined to think that a good many who are connected with the movement have been really blinded into the belief that in one or two slave States they can give the Bible.

Mr. Foster. Are they the slaveholders?

Mr. Douglass. Mr. Bibb thinks it can be done in in Kentucky.

Mr. Foster. Does he not know that they are not allowed to do it?

Mr. Douglass. There is a class of men who seem to believe if a man should fall overboard into the sea with a Bible in his pocket it would be hardly possible for him to drown. Mr. Bibb told me in conversation, that he believed if the slave had the Bible, the Lord would help him to read it. (Laughter.) Well, if he has worked himself up into that belief, let us give him the credit for his sincerity, and battle with the belief itself.

A Stranger—(from the back part of the house). Mr. Bibb stated that there were no legal impediments in several of the States.

Mr. Douglass—And what is more remarkable, he stated that on every plantation at the South where there were any considerable number of slaves, there were always one or more among them who could read. I do not know how he could make such a statement. I am from the State of Maryland, where slaves are as highly favoured as in any State in the Union, and I believe more so, because it is one of the more northerly States, and peopled by persons from the North, and yet I must tell you that in a neighbourhood where there were no fewer than 5,000 slaves in a distance of twelve miles around from where I lived, I never met more than two out of the whole number who could read. And yet Mr. Bibb states to his audience as a sort of plaster to their consciences—as a sort of moral chloroform, as Mr. Pillsbury would say, to the consciences of those who are just opening their eyes and who are alarmed by our rebukes, that there are one or more on every plantation who can read. I do not believe in the statement. I know from my own experience that not more than perhaps one in five thousand can read in the State of Maryland.

Mr. Foster—Now to test the honesty and integrity of those men, I will state here publicly, and any gentleman present may carry the intelligence to the leaders of that party, that to save them the trouble of raising funds, *I will furnish them with* one thousand Bibles, *if Mr. Bibb or any other prominent man among them will go, openly and in person, and carry them to the slaves.* I will have nothing to do with any underhanded movement to *steal* Bibles into the South. Thieving is bad enough when connected with getting property, but when it is connected with the glory of God it is utterly detestable, and I will have nothing to do with it. And I think I can do more; I think I can pledge that individual one thousand more after he has distributed the first thousand; but I will keep within my means. Let them spare themselves the trouble to go through this city to collect funds for that purpose, for I am ready to fulfil my pledge. (Applause).

Stranger—There is a missionary in Kentucky distributing Bibles, and if you will present your account tomorrow, the Bibles will be taken. (Apprause).

Mr. Foster—Will the gentleman repeat his statement? I did not hear it, but from the manner in which it was received, I think it must be interesting.

Stranger—Call at 61 John street, and your proposition will be faithfully received.

Mr. Foster.—I did not agree to call anywhere. I am here to be called upon. (Applause). I shall be here in this city to-morrow, and after that I shall be at my residence in Worcester, Mass. I shall be happy to be called upon by any of those gentlemen who are ready to go forward and distribute the Bibles. I do not want to be referred to some impossible shadow at 61 John street, merely for the sake of doing away with the effect of my proposition. Does the gentleman say that he is the man who will take the Bibles to the South?

Stranger—If you will give me your address, you will be called upon to-morrow.

Mr. Foster—My address is the Anti-Slavery meeting to-morrow, and after that Stephen S. Foster, Worcester, Mass. [Applause]. Since the gentleman has taken the liberty to ask me my address, of course he will return the favour by giving me and this audience his own address. I want this audience to know who it is that backs out of their position, the Old Organization or the New.

Stranger—My name is James S. Warren, 9 University Place.

Mr. Foster—Mr. James S. Warren may call for his Bibles to-morrow.

Mr. Douglass.—I shall be pleased to ask the gentleman a question. Can the gentleman inform me whether it is the intention of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to get the consent of the slaveholders before giving the slaves the Bible?

Mr. Warren.—The object of the Society is to distribute the Bible among the slaves whether with or without the consent of the slaveholder.

Mr. Douglass.—They do not avow their public declarations that they are going to give the Bible *with or without* the consent of the slaveholders.

Mr. Foster.—I wish, Mr. Chairman, to call the attention of the reporters to that statement of one of the friends of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for I want it to go to the world that that Society, avows it through one of its leading members (for I take it that the gentleman would not have pledged the Society if he were not one of its leading members), that the Society avows it as its intention to put the Bible into the hands of the slaves *with or without the consent of the masters*. If the master does not consent, of course the design is to go there with force and arms to do it. I wish this declaration of one of the prominent members of that Society who feels himself authorized to speak in its behalf, to go forth to the world.

Mr. Douglass.—I wish to make a single remark further about giving the Bible to the slaves. Here are three or four facts connected with the matter which make the thing impossible. In the first place the slaveholder's consent must be obtained before any Bibles can be given to the slaves, and the slaveholder will never give his consent to let the slave have anything which may open his mind to the wrong of holding him as his property. If his consent is had at all, it is purchased at the expense of the silence of the person giving the Bible to his slave, as to its being presented for the purpose of opening his mind to the sin of Slavery.

In the next place, if the Bible is given to the slave he cannot read it. So it is absolutely not giving it at all; for you might as well give him a block with no letters upon it as the Bible with letters in it; because he cannot read it. Now if this Society would only ask for money to educate the slaves whether the masters would or not, and some good volunteer like my friend in the distance should go there professing that his object is to educate the slave whether with or without the consent of the slaveholders, I should think the movement, however impracticable, was in the hands of honest and sincere men at any rate. [Applause]. The fact is they cannot give the Bible to the slave. It is idle to make the Bible and Slavery go hand in hand; they are at war with each other, and the slaveholder knows it as well as any man. The moment they begin to read, that moment they begin to be restless in their chains. There are only three or four passages of Scripture that the slaveholder wants them to learn to read, and these can be read to them. They are the passages which relate to servants being obedient &c., which they torture into a sort of sanction of Slavery. These they like to have the slaves know, but as to knowing anything about the Golden Rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also to them," or anything of the doctrine of love to man, they do not want them to know anything about it. The more ignorant he is, the better slave he makes, and hence the most stringent laws are enacted throughout the South to prevent the slaves from learning to read.

The cry of infidelity has long been raised against those who stand on the old platform and adhere to the Old Anti-Slavery Organization. While I was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I had heard Garrison denounced as an infidel and I wanted to hear what his infidelity consisted in; and the moment I heard him pour out his soul in behalf of the down-trodden bondsman and utter his voice against the oppressor as if his own wife and children were in chains, I wanted to know nothing further of his religious views; I felt that in his heart was the love of Christ, and that was the Christianity for me. I did not want to know anything of his abstract faith, for I felt very much as I suppose John the Baptist felt when he received the tidings from Christ, saying: "Go tell John that the deaf hear, the blind see, the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Those works testified as to what manner of man he was, as to whence he came, and what his objects were. When we see men binding up the wounds of those who fall among thieves, administering to the necessities of the down-trodden and breaking off the chains of the bondsmen, it is evidence enough that their works are of God, and whatever may be their abstract notions, Christ himself lives within them; for this was his spirit. He went about doing good to the souls bodies and of men. Whenever the cry of sorrow saluted his ear, there he was to soothe and console the afflicted heart. Among the cries of joy and triumph that surrounded him as he marched amid the multitudes, he heard the single voice of the blind man, and when the multitude bid him hold his peace, Christ rebuked them and turning to the poor man, said: "What will thou have me do unto thee." I believe if he had been on his way to create a world, he would have stopped to attend to the wants of that poor blind man. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," is the great doctrine which distinguishes the Christian religion from the Jewish ceremonial ritual and the current religion of our times. The Christian religion is one of mercy, lifting up the bowed down and disconsolate. O for a revival of this religion!

The great difficulty about our Christianity is, we have got certain notions about religion that turn off our attention from humanity altogether. We think that religion is the entertainment of a hope. I know there is a hope in religion. I know there is faith and I know there is prayer about religion and necessary to it, but God is most glorified when there is peace on earth and good will towards men. It is said that when our Saviour came into the world, the angels sang "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men." It may be rendered with no violation to the original text, I am told, "The highest glory to God is peace on earth and good will towards men." (Applause.) This is the religion which Christ came to establish; it was to promote peace on earth and good will towards men. The religion of our country seems to have very little of peace on earth and good will towards men in it. Instead of bestowing blessings on the peacemakers, we as a nation, confer blessings on war-makers. Instead of blessing those who feed the hungry and clothe the naked, we confer honour upon men who bury the lash in the quivering flesh of the bondmen, and exalt to the highest office in the gift of the nation the men who have been most skillful in teaching the nations war, and blowing out the brains of our enemies. (Applause and hisses).

Now I suppose that those who hiss think that I have stated what is not true, but what is the fact? There is Zachary Taylor in the Presidential Chair. You knew nothing about Taylor, until you heard of his blowing out the brains of the Mexicans. (Applause and hisses.)—No minister of the Gospel ever came out and endorsed the Christian character of General Taylor before he succeeded in taking Monterey. No minister of the Gospel ever made him a member of the Home Missionary Society until he heard that he had fought his battles in Mexico. No one thought of saying aught in favour of that man for the Presidency until the Christianity of this country learned that he had favoured the importation of blood-hounds from Cuba to hunt down the Florida Indians. (Hisses and applause).

Mr. Garrison here repeated the reasons why the applause should be controlled, and stated as a further reason, that he had been informed that there was a sick person near. He hoped the Anti-Slavery friends would control their feelings, and invited those who disapproved of what had been said to come and take the platform when Mr. Douglass had concluded.

Mr. Douglass.—I mentioned yesterday in another place, that the great men of the nation might always be taken as fair examples of the moral sentiment of the people. I have taken Zachary Taylor who I believe is just as good as those who voted for him; I do not think he is in any degree worse at heart than those who had no objections to him as their candidate on moral grounds. I am not at all lowering him that you need come to his defence. In him I see yourselves reflected who have no moral objections to Slavery. You only need a geographical change. You need only to be transported from New York to New Orleans to become as much a slaveholder as General Taylor at Baton Rouge. Sir, if the American pulpit had been what it ought to have been, and what I trust it will yet be, no party in this country could have been found base enough to have brought forward the name of such a candidate for the suffrages of the American people. No! had the American pulpit uttered its voice in righteous denunciation against Slavery and War and kindred crimes, we should never have heard of such a being as a legalized cut-throat presiding over the destinies of this nation. (Hisses).

But I will touch no longer your idol, friends. I will leave him and pass to another who is perhaps less an idol now, because he has not the reins of Government in his hand, and no office to give to those who may be disposed to hiss in his favour. (Laughter.) I allude to Henry Clay. I never was more forcibly struck with the truth of Garrison's remarks, that he never looked upon the slave but as upon a member of his own family, than when I heard the various eulogies showered down upon this man by the North on account of his letter on Emancipation, or rather Expatriation. You are aware of the character of that letter. It sets out with a sort of argument against Slavery, declares that the arguments that are put forth by Calhoun and that class of politicians at the South in favour of eternising Slavery are erroneous, and then goes on to say, granting that the whites are superior to the blacks, that it is the duty of the whites to instruct, improve, and enlighten the blacks For so much I thank him, but take this out, and the remainder is full of all manner of sin and injustice. With the exception of these few sentiments, it is one of the most skillfully-contrived schemes for oppressing the slave and perpetuating Slavery that I ever read. Mr. Clay, after having laid down his platform of principles, that the slaves should be enlightened and instructed by the superior classes, goes on to fix a day when the slaves should be emancipated, and that day is set in this wise: All children born of slave parents after the year 1860, shall be free at twenty-five. And how free? Free to stay where they are, and work for a living? No. Free to be expelled, free to be driven away from Kentucky and transported to Africa, on the ground that it is their native land. But they are not free even then, for he has another proviso, and it is this: That after having arrived at the age of twenty-five, they shall be hired out under an officer of the State for three years, in order to raise $150 to pay for their own exportation from their homes and their families. Yet the people read this letter and say, O! how just how merciful, how humane, how philanthropic is Henry Clay!

There is another point about this letter to which I object strongly; it is this: You are aware that at the age of twenty-eight almost all the slaves have families. Mr. Clay proposes that the slaves having families and children of three, four, and five years of age, shall be snatched from those children and hurried off to Africa, leaving those children parentless, guardianless, with no one to care for them. Those children are to live twenty-five years longer in Slavery, and then to be hired out until they are twenty-eight years of age, and afterward to be hurried out of the of the country. And yet young men and young women, old men and old women, mothers, sisters, and daughters read the cold-blooded proposition, from which, if it were to be applied to white persons, they would shrink in horror, and they say, how good, how kind, how philanthropic is Mr. Clay. Such is the man in whose pathway they will strew flowers when he comes to the North—a man who boldly proposes to sunder parents from their children, and compel them to leave the country on pain of being again reduced to Slavery.

In another part of that letter he says that the trifling loss that would result from Emancipation may prevented by leaving the rights of the owners undisturbed during the next twenty-five years. What is the meaning of this? It is just this: That Henry Clay would leave the slaveholder, after the year 1860 until the year 1885, in full possession of the right to sell slaves from Kentucky into Louisiana, or any of the more southern States. The proposition is not, after all, that they shall emancipate their slaves at the end of twenty-five years, but it allows them twenty-five years in which to watch the New Orleans and Mobile markets, and if they do not see fit to sell them during the course of ten, fifteen or twenty years, just in the last of the twenty-fifth year, when the slave is about to grasp hold of Freedom, their masters can put them upon the block and sell them to the highest bidder; thus Kentucky will only be getting rid of Slavery to send their slaves to clank their chains on Southern plantations.

Oh, the blinded moral sense of the American people! how lost to all principle! how lost to all sense of justice! We can eulogize the man who with iron heart would revive the horrors of the Slave Trade, under the delusive idea of advancing the cause of Freedom.

Friends, I have not used the name of General Taylor or Henry Clay because I have any personal pique towards them, or any difference of political opinion with them, or political ends to serve. You have denied me the right of citizenship, you have trampled on my rights as a man. I have no voice in your politics, I only speak as one of the three millions of slaves in your land. I speak as one of the injured party. I speak in the name of four sisters and one brother who now live, if indeed they live at all, under the burning sun and the biting lash of the slave-driver. I speak in behalf of those whom I have left behind me. How would you speak if you yourselves had relatives and friends in the condition of Slavery? Would you speak soft words of the Church and clergy who could live indifferent to the condition of your sisters and brothers? Think not because I am black that I love not my kindred and friends.

"Fleecy locks and black complexion
Do not alter nature's claims,
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

My sisters are as dear to me as yours can be to you. My brother lies as near my heart as your brother can lie to yours. My mother, my family, my friends are all as dear to me as yours can possibly be to you. O! if you could put yourse lves in the place of the slave the question would soon be carried; there would be no differences at all; you would feel that we were your brothers and sisters and Slavery would soon be at an end.

Mr. Atwill, who expressed his desire to answer some of the charges made during the evening, came forward and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, I should be doing violence to my own feelings as a man, and I should be sacrificing what I consider a duty which I owe to the slave, if I here permitted statements to go forth as true which my own observation and experience prove to be false. Not that I suppose that any gentleman in this meeting comes forward here to make intentional false statements; I have not the remotest idea that such is the case, but I believe that our friends in their zeal and ardour in this cause, sometimes go beyond the limits of truth and reason. I believe our friend who has taken his seat has done this, and I thank the gentlemen for their courtesy in permitting any one who believes he sees their mistake, to embrace the opportunity to make a correction.

Allow me, then, to say that I have felt during this and the preceding evening which I have attended, that perhaps I had been mistaken as to the objects of this Society. I had supposed that this Society assembled for the purpose of endeavouring to do something to abolish the great and crying evil of Slavery, but I must say that since I have met with them, I have felt that it might better be termed an Anti-Church Society. (Applause). I must say that I have felt grieved, and my feelings have been hurt when I have heard gentlemen come forward, and when almost the sole burthen of their speeches was, the corruption, the pollution, the loathsome depravity which pervades almost every member of the Church. I have not been prepared for this. I may not be a church member myself, I may not regard the Church as do thousands in this city who have united themselves with it, still, I see in the Church of the present day the same Church that stood up against English oppression; I see in that Church which is here villified, the members that stood upon the deck of the May Flower and crossed the briny deep, and on our own rock-bound New England shores first planted the Gospel, first sowed the seeds of civil liberty, which, in despite of all that gentlemen may say, is still the glory of the world. (Applause.) If the gentlemen will go to the records of the Puritan fathers, they will there find the foundation of that common school system which diffuses intelligence throughout this land. It was these Church members who signed the glorious Declaration of Independence, and established our glorious form of Government; and if gentlemen will heap obloquy upon the Church, they must not think it strange if we who are accustomed to these churches and many of whom belonging to them, feel it hard to put up with all these things.

But I rise principally for the purpose of correcting some of the statements that have been made this evening; and first in regard to how far the slaves are permitted to learn to read. I am a New-Yorker, and have resided here most of life. I am a friend to the slave and have laboured as far as I am able, and given what little means I could afford to assist him in getting his liberty. I have travelled through and resided in the South, and in the State of Georgia I have visited a great many plantations, and I can say here this evening that I have never been on one in which I have been acquainted with the slaves, where I did not find more or less that could read—where I did not find more or less that I was permitted to instruct in reading—where, in many instances I have given this instruction with the consent of the masters, and generally, with the great desire of the slaves. I was permitted to teach them to read the Bible, to give them the Bible to read, and to instruct them in the common rudiments of education so far as they could understand them. In many instances, of course, the slaves were unwilling to receive instruction. Perhaps it was because they had been too severely worked, and were too fatigued to attend to it. I speak of what I know to be the case in Georgia and South Carolina. Now, let not our friends come forward here and say that our Southern friends will not permit instruction to be given to the slave—will not permit them to read the Bible, and rebuke any efforts made to do them good, because all of us who have travelled there know that this is not wholly the case. I believe the cause of Anti-Slavery has been more injured by these extravagant and untrue statements, than by any other cause in the world. (Applause.)

Now, friends, one word more; it is this: I wish that those gentlemen who come forward and spend almost their whole Anniversary in vituperations upon the Church will tell us what they can do—will show us a Church that has done more than the Church already in existence, will show us a body of men whose lives are purer, whose examples are nobler, than thousands to whom we can point in our churches in this city and in this land. (Applause.) Tell us, gentlemen, what we shall do. All this tirade against the Church, mind you, is because they do not come here to embrace your peculiar views. (Mr. Garrison. Not at all). Now I believe these gentlemen are labouring according to their best ability to abolish Slavery. I believe it is their heart's desire to do away with it, but I do believe that they misjudge in their efforts, and in their zeal for one object they overlook a thousand others which demand their attention.

I thank the gentlemen for their courtesey in a meeting of their own, in affording to others the privilege of answering and correcting their statements. It is certainly noble and generous. (Applause.)

Mr. Garrison—We are much obliged to our friend for treating us so fairly and uttering himself in so courteous a manner. We honour him in so doing.

Mr. Wendell Phillips—At this late hour I have no disposition to address this audience on the subject it, general which we meet here to discuss, but before the meeting is concluded, I would call the attention of the audience to the statements which we have just heard from the friend who has left the platform, and ask you how to shall be reconciled with the laws of the Southern States? I remember in Cambridge, a few years ago, I had a friend a slaveholder from South Carolina, one of the States to which our friend has referred. He had, as a rarity, one slave who could read and write, one of those individual exceptions, as I suppose, to which Frederick Douglass refers. I remember that he told me that his brother slaveholders remonstrated with him against permitting that man to educate himself and to learn to write. I hold in my hand some of the laws of very many of the slave States, and I want to read to you one or two passeges.

In Mississippi the penalty for teaching a slave to read is one year's imprisonment.

In Virginia, any white person assembling slaves for the purpose of teaching them to read shall be fined not less than ten or more than one hundred dollars.

Any person teaching free coloured persons to read shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, and imprisoned not more than two months.

Religious meetings, I see, are forbidden in South Carolina, Georgia, and some other slave States, and may be dispersed by any justice of the peace.

Yesterday while Mr. Bibb was making his statements he acknowledged that there were laws against the slave being taught to read in all the slave States but seven.—Now does any person imagine for a moment that the masters of three millions of slaves would permit anybody not under their immediate overseership and inspection to preach to these slaves and to instruct them to read and write? We know that clergymen in Boston have not been allowed to preach Anti-Slavery discourses to white congregations in the Southern States. They have been obliged to flee and take refuge on board of ships. The fact is if you will first visit the family of the slaveholder and be esteemed a safe person doubtless you may go and do what you please. But the question we have been discussing is, whether a Northern habit of mind, bred in the atmosphere of Northern sentiment, unclogged by Southern ownership, is permitted to link itself mentally and communicate with the oppressed race of the South. Do you believe it possible? Why it is nonsense. What was the object of the South in rifling the United States Mail and not permitting their white people to peruse documents on the subject of Slavery? Calhoun, you know, introduced into the Senate of the United States, a law to subject the United States Mail to inspection before it was distributed to the white men of the South, in order to guard the Southern States against the freedom of discussion. And here are men who ask us to prove that there is any legal impediments against our going to the South and preaching to the slaves. No law! Why they do not want any law there; legislation is almost superfluous. Suppose I request Henry Clay to assemble his sixty slaves and allow me to instruct them. Do you suppose he would recognize my right to teach his cattle?—to teach his property gathered on his plantation, whether man or brute? He would say, I want no law to determine who shall speak to my slave and who not. Not long ago in Northampton a friend requested the priviledge of speaking to a slave in the presence of his master, and was refused; and yet we are to take the Bible and go among the plantations of the South to distribute it. It is idle, it cannot be done. The rational method of course is to keep away. What has been the fate of those persons who have attempted it? Torrey lies in his grave; Crandall went to his; Lovejoy was murdered; Fairbanks is in Kentucky prison. And here is a Society that proposes to organize itself in New York for the purpose of commissioning martyrs, I suppose. You need not obtain any great number of Bibles. Take one and try it.

The gentleman says he has heard the Church attacked. When he has studied the subject as deeply as we have he will be likely to see good reasons for it. The May-flower was a good ship, and there were good men in it, and they planted noble institutions in this country. We are not persons who question this; but the question with us is simply, what is the American Church doing for the American slave? Slavery is no trivial evil, every sixth man is a slave! What should we think of decimating the country, taking one tenth and subjecting them to Slavery? The slave husband has no wife, the father no children, the child no parent; chastity is a dream; instruction is a shadow; the man is imbruted. To every sixth man the will of the white is law, and the Anglo-Saxon, priding himself upon his superiority, takes advantage of it to oppress the feeble race for his own benefit. And what is the Church doing? Has she uttered her protest? Where is it? Let us test her.

In olden times when a man was in danger of the community he fled to the horns of the altar. That was as long ago as the Jews. In the middle ages of the Church wherever there was an oppressed and persecuted man or criminal, he was permitted to take refuge beneath the monastery. Where does the fugitive slave go now? Does he knock at the door of your cathedrals? Does he take refuge in your churches that count their millions of accumulated property in New York? Do you find their doors wide open that his cause may be pleaded there? When his cause is pleaded has it credit with the dignitaries of the church? No. She makes the men who plead his cause as a conclave of infidels, and she will have no thing to do with them.

Our friend says the Church is mighty; and it is. It moulds the national character; it stands at the nation's head and directs the streams of knowledge at which the children and grown up men drink; it gives the fuel to the national mind. Politics fill up its lungs from the breath of the religious sentiment, and lives and dies in the atmosphere which it creates. If it is thus mighty and powerful and can do the work, why does it not do it? Sending the Bible stealthily into Kentucky to give to a poor slave is not the appropriate work of the Church. Let us hear a loud protest from the powerful sects of the North, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Congregationalist, and the Presbyterian Churches, against those who sit down to the same communion tables with them, and still make laws forbidding Bibles to be distributed among their slaves at the risk of martyrdom. When the Church begins to do the work it is done. It is we little men that row against the stream, that are obliged to protest and remonstrate to make ourselves heard. The Church holds the key to the national heart, and it cannot beat without its permission. Take the testimony of one of her own distinguished men. What says Rev. Mr. Barnes? "There is no power that could sustain Slavery an hour if it were not sustained in the Church. Not a blow need be struck, not an unkind word need be uttered, no man's motives need be impugned, no man's property or rights invaded; all that is needful is for her to stand up in the sacred majesty of solemn testimony, and utter her calm and deliberate voice to the world and the work is done." Do we say too much then when we declare that the Church like the dog in the manger stands up between us and the people? You have monopolized the people's heart which rises and follows at your bidding. Do you work then. God has given you this nation: it lies a helpless infant in your hands. Rear it, and if it grows up to be a brutal tyrant we hold you accountable for the evil which you might have perverted. Are you unjust? Is it not true? This is our indictment against the Church. The nation is hers; we do not make it; this legislation is hers; we do not legislate. All this public sentiment is hers; does it not support Slavery? If it does not, what does? We have lived two hundred years on this soil, we have been sixty years and more an independent people. We have proclaimed that all men are equal; we profess to believe that God created of one blood all the nations of the earth; we are sending this truth broadcast into the nations of the earth, translating it into all dialects; in the mean time one sixth part of our people have neither the Bible, nor their rights, nor the knowledge of the immortality that awaits them beyond the grave. Whose fault is it? Slavery has trebled and quadrupled since we were a republic, and what has done it? Somebody has done it. Who supports Slavery? Not the two hundred and fifty thousand men alone who own the slaves. If the twenty millions beside had said it should not exist, it could not, and why? Because the American Church cannot give the prophetic rebuke, "Thou art the man."

When Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Boston, went to join the Evangelical Alliance, and the fidelity of British Christianity uttered the word *slave* in the ears of the American delegates, he replied, "cannot we go anywhere but we must have this thrown in our teeth?" The Church cannot bear it even in her own land, and when she crosses the water and is called to account, she is dumb. She cannot point to a single step she has even taken to free the slave, not to one hearty, efficient utterance of her voice in his behalf. Here and there, to be sure, a Church writes out her beautiful resolutions, and for ought I know, engrosses them on parchment and lays them up in its archives, but that is not the way she goes to work when she intends to do something. When she resolves to Christianize the Sandwich Islands she calls on her young men to sacrifice their lives to be misssonaries. She takes up the four corners of the nation and shakes it; she takes up all the religous literature of the country and monopolizes it in favour of any scheme that she pronounces right and just. Herein she shows that she is courageous, and means what she says. But when she comes to the slave, she comes with words on her lips and nothing in her hand; she has no sword of the spirit, she does nothing. Now have we not a right to complain of the Church? We ask only to measure her by her own yard stick. We do not want words but deeds. Let her anticipate us; we are nothing in comparison with her. Let her come in with the majesty of her strength, and fill up this platform and crowd us off. Does she do it? No; around us cluster the fugitive slaves; they come to us in boxes; men in the disguise of women flee along the highways of republican Christian America, and take refuge among us "infidels." They dare not trust themselves to the religion of the country. My test of religion is this: That is a sanctuary where the hunted and hopeless poor find refuge, and wherever they dare not trust themselves, there is but an outward covering, full of dead men's bones. Where the feeble look for succour there is humanity. You may know who love children, for children discover it in their faces. So it is with the oppressed; wherever they find warm-hearted support and protection there they take refuge. To what better use could your churches be put than to shelter the poor? what better use could your pulpits be put than to plead the cause of the bondman? What is that religion which lets the mere humanity of men go before it? The Church is permitting the men whom she calls infidels to do the work of the Nineteenth Century, to herald the way of truth in the feeblest efforts of humanity of which the age can boast, taking up a despised race, and dragging them into the sunlight of civilization and religion. We are to do it—we, despised, uninfluential, unbelieving, unbaptized, excommunicated men and women. The Church lives in the battered hulk that is stranded on the banks, while the stream of human progress is sweeping by. That is not the Church of Christ; it is the shell—the skin she has thrown off.

You will always find the men who have been painfully awakened to a sense of the necessity of the age to which they belong, are slandered because they are misunderstood at the time, but if the world is kind enough to remember them afterward, it will acknowledge them as martyrs, though when they lived they were considered as outlaws and disturbers. This is no new thing. The first and highest idea of every age has always protested against the church of that age. Luther protested against the church of his day and was excommunicated, but the subsequent age sustained him. When Lutheranism had run its course and became lifeless the puritanism of our fathers bore its protest against the church and was calumniated and driven out of Europe to seek an asylum in this land, when it founded the institutions under which we now live. And when our fathers had wandered into error and become stiff and rigid, they excommunicated the discredited young men of '76 as meddlesome disturbers and fanatics. When the temperance cause was first started it was opposed and denounced by the church, but gradually the church accepted the proffered reform. I might pursue the subject to any extent. Our object is to show you that we have no personal pique or antipathy to gratify in attacking the institutions of the country.—We are here for the slave. You remember the French fable of the Lion that complained that his race were not permitted to write histories. The slave is not permitted to write his history, and those that would plan for him the selfish scheme of Colonization, the McDuffies and the Calhouns stand up for the interests of the white race and argue that it would not be safe for their victims to go free. But who will stand up for the slave to ask for his own rights and to tell the story of the wrongs and injuries which have accumulated for ages? Why, are you not orthodox in New York? Do you believe that the human heart is angelic?—that men can be trusted with power and not abuse it? Would you send your own children to your enemies and trust them to their mercy? O no, you are too wise. Will you give them to the first man you meet and be assured of their good treatment? Yet how would that differ from the cases of the children of the Southern slaves who are torn from their parents and subjected to the cruel mercies of their owners?—Only feel for the slave as for your own kindred and there is no difficulty, the question settles itself.

Our friends tated that he knew that on every plantation at the South, where he had visited, one or more of the slaves could read. Here sat Douglass, grown up to man's estate, who had gone up and down day and night amid his comrades, and he knew how many could read and write. He himself learned by copying the scribbling of the white boys on the board fences. Now the white man who has passed along the highways of the South, and gone from the table of the slaveholder to such quarters as he may choose to let him, gets up and would place his facts, his traveller's acquaintance, against the knowledge which has been gained by a slave-born man through years of suffering. This is testimony, it is fact, and you ought not to place anything beside it, for there is nothing of equal character to place.

During the remarks of Mr. Phillips there were several demonstrations of applause but only with the hands, the audience having complied with the request of making no loud noise in the room. After the speech was concluded the meeting adjourned.

This Week's Paper.—We continue and finish in this week's paper the report of the Annual Meeting to the exclusion of much other matter, which, however, we presume, none of our readers will regret. For the current news of the week we have no room whatever, but must refer those who usually look to us for it to the ordinary newspapers for particulars of the flooding of New Orleans, the great fire in St. Louis, the frightful accident to the steamer "Empire" on the North river, the Foreign news, and other interesting intelligence, which, under other circumstances would have been found in our columns.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK: THURSDAY MAY 24, 1849.

Bibliolatres.

Bowing thyself in dust before a Book,
And thinking the great God is thine alone,
O, rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
What gods the Heathen carves in wood and stone,
As if the Shepherd who from outer cold
Leads all his shivering lambs to one sure fold,
Were careful for the fashion of his crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swampfly blue,
But he therewith the ravening wolf can chase
And guide his flock to springs and pastures new;
Through ways unlooked for and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the clod,
That from his hand the crook would'st snatch away
And shake instead thy dry and sapless rod
To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day?
Yea, what art thou, blind, unconverted Jew,
That with thy idol-volume's covers two
Would'st make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hear'st not well those mountain organ-tones
By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai caught,
Thinking the cisterns of those Hebrew brains
Drew dry the springs of the All-knower's thought,
Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire
Who blow'st old altar-coals with sole desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy, or moan,
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit. J. R. L.

☞ The Washington Letter-writers state that the President has determined to dispatch two national vessels in search of the unfortunate expedition under Sir John Franklin. An interesting letter from Lady Franklin to the Secretary of State may be found on our 4th page.

Hon. J. G. Palfrey will accept our thanks for a copy of his excellent speech on Postage Reform, delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives on the 21st of February last.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO XXXIX.

The Argument:—*The Correspondent upon his own silence—He Hinteth Amendment—He hinteth at possibilities and illustrateth aptly—He bewaileth the Editor for his enforced ignorance of the Past—He expoundeth the Present—And, especially, as to the Massachusetts Nominations—He vindicateth the Piety of the Whigs—He likeneth the strife for Office unto a Lottery—He describeth the fortunate Adventurers—The Collector—Supremacy of Public over Private Duties—Mr. Lunt, the Attorney—Narrow Escape of a Private Station—Mr. Hayden, the Postmaster—Virginia the Mother of Postmasters as well as of Presidents—Mr. Devens, the Marshal—The lost sheep found and petted—Probabilities as to Mr. Palfrey's election—Curious instance of Executive execution of Statute Law.—&c. &c.*

Boston, May 20th 1849.

It is long since I have written to you. It needs not that I give reasons or make apologies for my silence. Interposing avocations connected with the Anti-Slavery cause, and interruptions solely affecting my own particular, have occasioned it. If your readers have not observed this *hiatus* in my correspondence, it would not be worth while wasting reasons upon them, though reasons were as plenty as blackberries; and if they *have*, they will accept my intentions of behaving better in future as the best amends I can make for past sins of omission. If the plan go into effect which was broached when I was with you in New York, and I am actually put in commission as one of your Corresponding Editors, it is altogether likely that they will have quite enough of me and my lucubrations, and may, peradventure, be inclined to cry out for mercy rather than for more. Should I be invested with that high dignity, I shall still, probably, send you an occasional epistolary informality when provoked thereunto by circumstances or events rather befitting the medium of a gossipping letter than of a stated preaching from the editorial pulpit; even as a savoury minister sometimes mitigateth the terrors of his hebdomadal dealings with sinners by a dish of parochial discourse with them over a comfortable cup of tea on a secular afternoon. But this as Futurity and Fate may settle it between them. "Things must be as they may," as honest Nym saith.

It is unknown, as were the tears shed by Mrs. Malaprop for the decease of her poor dear husband, what you have lost by this unlucky interruption of our Correspondence. Many funniments which might have enjoyed their week's immortality have glided away to Limbo, to the Moon or the Ages before the Flood, like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, for the lack of a fit bard or historian to stay them in their fleeting course. The whole chorus of them that danced before and around the triumphal chariot of Taylor, like the Hours before that of Day in Guido's Aurora, or rather like those in the Adaptation of it to the Apotheosis of Punch (one of the happiest of travesties have vanished and left scarce a trace behind. The comic agonies and the wrigglings of the Election are gone never to return, or at least until the next voting-time, and then in some different guise. "The Cynthia of the minute" was not caught before she changed. The festal blazes of torch-light processions and illuminations are extinguished and unsung. The more's the pity.

This part of the ship goes on much as if there were not a Second Washington at the helm,—excepting, indeed, that there are unequivocal symptoms of mutiny on the part of the crew that helped to put him there. The re-action of the political debauch of last Autumn, has begun to be felt. The Taylor men got drunk, then, and now its the next day. But though sick, I fear they are not sorry; or, at least that their sorrow is not after a godly sort. I am concerned lest the sounds of discontent with which the air is vocal may be rather the disappointed gruntings of snouts pushed from the political trough, than the unutterable groanings of suffering saints exercised by the sight of the right-hand extremes and left-hand defections of these last and evil days. The disgust excited by the recent nominations here is described by those who are more in the way of seeing Whigs than I am as being of the most intense description. It would have been hard, to be sure, for the dispensers of good things at Washington to please everybody, in any case; but they seem to have managed it so as to please the smallest possible number and the least creditable portion of the party, in the most effectual manner. I have been assured that some very prominent Taylorites say and (it is affirmed, though I cannot believe it of any members of a party which is the quintessence of the National Respectability and Piety) *swear* that they will vote the Loco-foco ticket, next Autumn, out of very spite. Even the reputed nomination of Mr. Lawrance to the Mission to England is said to be rather wormwood than honey to these malcontents. But these are matters rather above my mark.

The drawing of this lottery here has resulted, as I suppose it has everywhere and will forever, in the disappointment of the multitudes who have drawn the blanks, and in their rage at the fortunate holders of the lucky numbers, for which they had paid no more than they, and perhaps not so much. The great prizes here as elsewhere are the Collectorship, the Postoffice, the District Attorneyship and the post of Marshal. For these, and the host of lesser chances subordinate to these, hosts of adventurers invest time and money in hopes of being rewarded when the Wheel turns round. Of course, Fortune has jilted the mass of her wooers, and they curse her and everybody but the parties really to blame, *videlicet*, themselves. There were several gentlemen of some consideration, social and political, who made interest for these places, but they fell to the lot, as often happens, of the least considerable of the whole. The Collector, Mr. Greeley, I never heard of, excepting as a stereotyped officer of Whig meetings. But I understand him to be one of those public-spirited men, who, not having been eminently successful in the management of their private affairs generously devote their lives to the direction of those of the public. Mr. Lunt, the District Attorney, will be forever remembered for his insolence to the Anti-Slavery remonstrants against making disrespectful words towards Slavery, *Scan. Mag.* punishable with fine and imprisonment. For this imprudence he endured a long exile from public life, and he was in imminent danger of depriving "private station" of its long conceded character of a "post of honour," when, fortunately for himself and us, he distinguished himself as the only Massachusetts supporter of General Taylor at Philadelphia, and thus by laying hold of the skirts of the old great coat he has slipped into the paradise of official felicity.

Mr. Hayden, the Postmaster, is sufficiently known to you by the character of the *Atlas*, while he had the control of it. He has certainly done enough of the sort of work which is so rewarded, to have earned the share of dirty pudding that he has got. But his success, however deserved, seems to give very limited satisfaction to the Whig Public. This gentleman is said to have had the good fortune for which one of your New York Senators sighed in vain, that of being born in Virginia. If he should ever breathe the melodious wish of being restored to his natal soil,

"O, carry me back to Old Virginia!"

it is thought that many of his Whig associates would heartily join in the chorus. Mr. Devens, the new Marshal, is a gentleman, who, to the substantial qualities of a country lawyer and politician, adds the decorative ornaments of a Militia General. His chief claim to favour is understood to be that he discreetly withdrew from the Free Soil Movement after having signed the Call for the Worcester Convention, and penitently returned to the Communion of the Whig Church Universal. Whereby it appeareth that it is not in Heaven alone that "there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance."

It is thought that these divisions in the Whig Camp will will operate favourably upon Mr. Palfrey's election which is now impending. It is hoped that the repulsion of the negative pole of Taylorism to the positive may prove greater than that it has felt to Free-Soilism. At least that the one repulsion may counterbalance the other so that the disaffected Whigs will stay at home and let the Free-Soilers elect Mr. Palfrey, if they have life enough to make the effort. It would be deeply disgraceful to the Anti-Slavery voters of that district if they should suffer him to him to be defeated through any inefficiency of theirs. It would go nigh to prove that they had indeed given up the ghost, and that though they have a name to live, yet are they dead. The straight-forwardness, explicitness and *unmistakeableness* of Mr. Palfrey's Congressional course has been as honourable to him as it was rare—almost unprecedented indeed, in a Northern man. These characteristics, united with the tact and ability he has shown, should certainly entitle him to success, if there be Free Soil enthusiasm or strength left. Whether they will or not, we shall know better after the election.

There was a funny circumstance connected with this election which is worth mentioning. The Governor and Council had fixed upon what we still call Old Election Day, viz, the last Wednesday of May, for the next trial. It was a very odd day to pitch upon, being a sort of immemorial holiday, and as "what great ones do the less will prattle of," people only marvelled what secret motive could have impelled His Excellency and his honourable assessors to make the selection. Some who, mayhap, considered too curiously, opined that it might be because a large class of persons, known to be generally favourable to Mr. Palfrey, were usually attracted to the city on that day by certain Anniversaries, and that they might thus be taken with guile. If so, zeal had outrun discretion, for lo! it was discovered that that day was a "*dies non*," a day on which town meetings were forbidden by statute to be held, under heavy penalties upon the selectmen summoning the same! And so the election had to be postponed for a fortnight or so. The judges are required to know the statutes of the realm as an incident of their functions as Expounders of the Laws; but it seems that this knowledge is no essential qualification of the officials whose business is merely to execute them!

D. Y.

Letter from Washington.

Washington, May 17, 1849.

My Dear Gay:—To begin my letter *pro forma* after the fine domestic style established by H. C. W. and other pleasant correspondents of your paper, I will inform you that I am writing this in the beautiful library of the War Department; a white-headed old gentleman with gold specs, who says he is chief clerk of the Paymaster's Department, is tying up a bundle of papers with red tape, at the same table where I write; under the table is a small brass cannon, but there are no other indications of the place belonging to the fighting branch of the Government. The windows of this library look out upon a beautiful square, filled with magnificent trees, and among them are some sycamores in full blossom; the grass is neatly trimmed, the branches of the trees are filled with rejoicing birds, the sunlight falls enchantingly through the thick foliage, and altogether it is as delightful and winning a spot as I have ever looked upon. The floor of the room is luxuriantly carpeted, the books are arranged in handsome glass cases, the librarian is an amiable, scholarly gentleman, whom I knew some years since, and, by his permission I am writing on Uncle Sam's paper, with Uncle Sam's pen, and shall seal my letter with Uncle Sam's wax when I have finished. These things shall be our share of the spoils. As we have helped to pay for them, there can be no objection to helping ourselves to our own property. Argue the matter as you may we are all of us Uncle Sam's nephews, and even though we repudiate him, he wont repudiate us.

The porter, or door-keeper, of this pleasant government apartment is a tall and venerable looking man of African descent, with a very black face, but a very white head. He ushers visitors in with an air of dignity, and appears to be as much respected as any government official that I have seen. A similar personage, but not quite so venerable in appearance, acts as a gentleman-usher to the Secretary of the Navy, upon whom I had occasion to call this morning.

To give the Goddess of Liberty her due, I am bound to confess that I should never dream that her chief occupation was hatching slaves, from anything that can be seen here in ordinary life. Slavery in Washington is put out of sight. The hack-drivers, door-keepers, boot-black, servants at hotels, and so forth, are, with hardly an exception, Irishmen. The chambermaids at the hotels, the cooks and scullions, are from the same nation. It was not so some years since when I was here, but there is an evident change in the sentiment of slaveholding since. At the house of Mr. S———, whose wife is a South Carolinian, I saw last night an indubitable example of domestic Slavery. It was not an offensive exhibition but I perceived at a glance that I was waited upon by a slave.

I enquired after the slave-pens, and found some difficulty in gaining a knowledge of their whereabouts. People didn't seem to know anything about them. Probably many New Yorkers don't know where the prison is in that city, where they confine poor debtors. But I do. Well, I found at last where the slave pens were, and, coaxing a friend to walk with me, I went in search of them, or it, for I could find but one. The house is on the opposite side of the Tiber, or Goose-Creek, directly in front of the Capitol, and about three quarters of a mile from that stately building. It is placed in the centre of a large square, and presents nothing remarkable in appearance, externally, being an ordinary two story brick house, covered with rough plaster but, like the majority of Southern houses, having an untidy, or shabby genteel look. Attached to the house, a one-story, long, and windowless brick building which naturally excites curiosity from its being so unusual an appendage to a dwelling-house. This brick building, as I learned, is the pen, and I only wish that *my* pen were powerful enough to demolish its cursed walls. But I wont get into heroics.

On the steps of the house sat a delicate white woman of middle age, holding an infant which was amusing itself watching the antics of some impish looking black children who were playing upon the lawn. Poor ducklings! Probably their mothers were shut up in the pen, or worse than that, and more probable, they had been snatched from the bosoms of their mothers, who are now, like Rachel, mourning without hope. It was a sad sight to see, although the innocents shouted hilariously and appeared happy enough. I walked around the pen and tried to be admitted, but without success. As I stood looking at the walls of the "pen," penetrating in imagination its dire secrets, I heard a terrible commotion within. There was a great shouting among its inmates, but I could not distinguish whether the noise was one of pain, or only the outburst of an effort, like that described by Frederick Douglass in his narrative, to get rid of an insupportable grief by shaping it into a song.

This is all I could find out about the slave-pens from an outward inspection, and my time was too limited to permit me to make any further investigation.

In respect to the doo-keeper of the Library of the War Department, to whom I alluded, I learn that he was appointed to the place he fills by John C. Calhoun, twenty-eight years ago, and that he has filled it with honour ever since; he receives a salary of six hundred dollars, reads a good deal, is a subscriber to the National Intelligencer, and is a very intelligent person. If one wanted to furnish a very strong refutation of Mr. Calhoun's wicked theory of the inferiority of the black race, upon which he founds his pro-slavery doctrines, nothing better could be done than to introduce to him this very respectable person whom he appointed to the post which he has filled so honourably, for twenty-eight years.

If I had more time I would write more, but now, I can only add that I am, as ever, your brother in the hatred of all wrong. C. F. B.

Letter from Athens, Georgia.

"How now ye secret black,
And midnight hags,
What is it ye do?" (1.)

To the recent coloured
Anti-Col. Meeting in New York—
From Shakespeare's McBeth
Sent to blacker Wizards—(2.)
by
J. J. Flournoy,
The White Man(3.)

May, 18, '49.

(1.) We beg leave to refer our respected correspondent, for an answer to his question, to the *Standard* of last week—a copy of which we send him.

(2.) We do not venture to change Mr. Flournoy's manner of expression, lest we might, at the same time, change his meaning. The curious reader however, may ask whether the wizards referred to are blacker than "McBeth," or than Shakspeare? It is not improper for us also to say that the "McBeth,"—which we are quite desirous of seeing—has not reached us.

(3.) Mr. Flournoy need not have signified his want of colour, as we are not so unjust to the coloured race as to believe every *niggardly* man to be a "nigger." We not only cheerfully pay the 10 cents postage on his letter, but are much obliged to him for not putting in a few old newspapers.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Irish State Prisoners—Their condition in prison, and the supposed reason therefor—O'Brien and Mitchell—the Drayton and Sayres—and the difference in offending different Sovereignties—The Pope and the Irish Priesthood—The Correspondent grows impatient—Two pamphlets of Mr. Howitts—Liverpool Financial Reform Association—The Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Aristocracy—How they live, and move, and are in each other—An episode on toadyism in particular, and Quakerism in general—Horace Greeley and his Clay God—A word to a friend—John Murray of Glasgow—his death and character—John Gavan Duffy—Young Ireland and the Irish.

Dublin, April 8, 1849.

My Dear Gay:—A day or two since, happening to meet James Haughton he told me that the preceeding day, in company with Father Mathew he had visited Richmond Bridewell, and that his friends the prisoners, were very glad to see him. Until within the last two years it was customary for the Irish Temperance Union, of which we were members to visit that prison occasionally, with the consent of the Governor, for the purpose of holding a friendly conference on the benefits of temperance with the unfortunate swindlers, thieves, robbers and pickpockets who are confined there. In consequence of the retirement of Thomas Purson (who was governor in O'Connell's time) and the accession of a new ruler who did not know us, their visits have been discontinued for some time. When James therefore talked of "his friends the prisoners" I was amazed that people should have been kept "in quord" so long, till he explained that "his friends" were the State Prisoners, not the vulgar herd of offenders. He meant Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Martin, and others who are either under sentence of death or of transportation, and Duffy, the editor of the *Nation*, whose trial is about to come on. He described them as being cheerful and in good health, and admitted that they were very well treated. Smith O'Brien is provided with rooms in the governor's house. The other prisoners sleep in well furnished cells and have got comfortable and convenient sitting-rooms, while they have books and newspapers and are allowed to receive the visits of their friends. In short, since the world began, political offenders who tried to do so much mischief and gave so much trouble, were never so well treated. They did their best to light up the flames of civil war in Ireland, and of necessity to arouse all the tremendous passions that burn in the bosoms of an excitable, ignorant, fanatical, ferocious population.—If they had succeeded, no imagination could picture the result. When the rebellion broke out in the country of Wexford and raged for six weeks in the year 1798, all political objects soon gave way to the thirst for vengeance in the prosecution of a religious war; and men, women, and children were piked, butchered, and burnt alive for no greater personal offence than that they were Protestants. The same passions, the same prejudices, the same ignorant reckless fanaticism are alive and burning in the souls of multitudes in Ireland at this present hour. I believe it is far better for the peace of mind of Smith O'Brien and those other State prisoners that they are where they are, than if, as successful revolutionists they were now in the Castle of Dublin, after the outpouring of blood and tears, the waste of property, and the rolling back of the tide of civilization which their success would have involved, if it had been, which it was not possible.

I attribute a good share of the great forbearance those unfortunate men have experienced to a wise policy, much to the generous character and temper of Lord Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whom I look upon as one of nature's noblemen—but most of all to the humaner spirit of the age, joined to the fact that Smith O'Brien is a member of a very ancient aristocratic family. He is brother of Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, member of Parliament for the county of Limerick, and lineal descendant of Brien Boroimhe, (pronounced *Boroom*) King of Munster, who defeated the Danes at the Battle of Clontarf near Dublin about the year 1060.—Sir Lucius is a parliamentary adherent of the present government, his loyalty has never been suspected, and these circumstances combined with his ancient lineage have probably had great influence in modifying the treatment to which the State prisoners were legally liable. At any rate it is in honourable contrast with the infamous cruelty to which Captain Sayres and his friend are now subjected for promoting the escape of the slaves from Washington a few months ago. When one who *acts out* that love of liberty so loudly professed in the United States, is convicted for his honesty in the slave States, he is treated with a hearty vindictiveness such as is never shown by the powerful, royal and aristocratic rulers of England to their bitterest enemies when they succeed in confounding and defeating them.

Very lately I read in an English newspaper a correspondence between the authorities and a naval captain, to whose care John Mitchell was committed for conveyance to his exile in Bermuda. It should be recollected that a special act of Parliament was passed for the purpose of bringing Mitchell within the power of the law, and that by that act he was tried and found guilty—and yet when they had him in their power, who had given them greater trouble and roused a fiercer excitement than had been known in Ireland for many a year, how do they treat this formidable enemy?—They send special written directions that he is not to be treated like a common criminal—that, as a man of education, who had associated with persons of refined habits, and had not been convicted of infamous crimes, he is to be treated with as much forbearance as is compatible with safe keeping. He is not to be classed with infamous convicts who have robbed, swindled, and committed burglary. Only yesterday, in a Dublin paper, which, from the tenor of its politics, is as hostile to the Government as any paper dare now be, it is announced that Mitchell is about to be removed from the Bermudas to the Cape of Good Hope; that there he will be liberated on "a ticket of leave," which will permit him to go where he pleases within the limits of the colony; and that it is expected his wife and family will soon rejoin him. In the same paper it is also stated that about 8,500 dollars were collected after Mitchell's conviction, for the use of his bereaved family. Believing him to be wholly mistaken in the means by which he aimed to effect the regeneration of Ireland, I nevertheless esteem him as one of the most devoted, disinterested, and most honest men that has ever been thrown to the surface by the turbid waters of political strife, infinitely beyond O'Connell in integrity and earnestness; and I think you may fairly estimate the number of his admirers by the extent of their donations—8,500 dollars for his family in their miserable bereavement—for the widowed wife and the fatherless children.

Well now, everybody knows that the Pope, unable to reconcile the duties of a constitutional sovereign with his position as infallible head of the Church, and Vicar of God upon earth, and determined not to give in to the demands of his subjects, disappeared out of Rome one fine day some months ago, in the disguise—neither heroical nor apostolical—of a nobleman's lacquey; and that the Romans, deaf to his admonitions, remonstrances, and excommunications, straightway set to work and resuscitated the Roman republic after its long sleep of nearly twenty centuries. They appear to be very well pleased with their work, and to find their present popular Government infinitely preferable to the recent hierarchichal domination which was confessed to be one of the basest, worst, most repressive and depressing in Europe. Well, as is perfectly natural, the Irish Catholic priesthood are extremely angry at this, and the Irish people, who generally do as their priests bid them, are angry too, and full of compassion for the poor Pope, who is comfortably settled at Gaëta, as the guest of the sanguinary, faithless, priest-ridden King of Naples. And straightway the wretched, poverty-stricken, high-minded, liberty-loving, oppressed people of Ireland collect subscriptions for the Pope. Six thousand five hundred dollars have been collected amid shouts of joy and triumph and self-gratulation in a single diocese. There are twenty-two of these dioceses—so that it is likely something near 100,000 dollars will find their way to Gaëta to help his Holiness to force himself and his cardinals back upon the necks of the unfortunate Romans. There is not one of the new modifications of Government which the French Revolutions of 1848 gave rise to, that I feel so much sympathy for as this Roman Republic with the illustrious Mazzini at the head of it. It is enough to make one abjure Quakerism, Non-resistance, and all the other *isms* and *ances* which most Christians seem to think Christ did not really mean, when he preached them, to see this little new old Roman republic in danger of being crushed by the iron hoof of Austria on the one hand, or by the Pope and the Irish priests and their 100,000 dollars on the other. One lady I know, saw a poor woman who was supported by out door parochial relief, give her hoarded silver sixpence for the Pope.

Meanwhile the English are greatly disgusted, as they may well be with the Irish, for subscribing one hundred thousand dollars to the Pope, whilst they declare themselves unable to support their own poor, and clamour vigorously for millions from the Imperial Treasury for this purpose. And yet a fellow more completely hoodwinked, more mercilessly bamboozled and plundered is not to be found than this same indignant John Bull. I have just received from William Howitt a copy of two pamphlets he has recently published. One is called "Our Great Military and Naval Parliaments,"—the other "Our Great State, Church, Parliament." The perusal of these would make a Yankee open his eyes like saucers, and swell his bosom with a ten-fold sense of his own superiority over the old-country people. The first of these brochures shows "that the true secret of the constant increase in our military and naval expenditures is exhibited in a standing majority in both Houses of Parliament of nearly three hundred members directly connected with the war system"—and it further declares "that no man, until he has gone over this list of seven hundred members of Parliament, connected with the military system by appointment, marriage or consanguinity, is at all aware of the real character of the body that governs us."

A Society called the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, has been for some time sedulously engaged in enlightening the country as to the necessity for diminishing the enormous burdens of the people by a trenchant reform in the expenditures of the public money. Among other things, it has been shown that, of the 270 millions of dollars annually drawn from the pockets of the people by various taxes and imposts, nearly one half is required for the payment of interest on the national debt, which has been mostly incurred by foolish and wicked wars in past times; and that of the remainder, about 35 millions are demanded for the civil service of the country, whilst the balance goes to maintain a standing army of one hundred thousand men, and a naval force of forty thousand. It appears that a large portion of the army is employed in India and the colonies, that another considerable portion are maintained at home as a reserve for the relief of the exiled regiments, and that but a very small part, perhaps, not 20,000 are retained under any plea of the necessity of self-defence against domestic and foreign enemies. It is shown that the colonies are mostly ill-governed and discontented—that they would be more prosperous and happy, if independent; or, if they continued united with England, that they are well able to defend themselves. It is almost admitted they are retained from motives connected with national pride, and from a resolution "to hand down to our children inviolate that empire we have received from our fathers, upon which the sun never sets."

Meantime, the colonies are indispensable to an aristocracy such as ours, as they afford an exhaustless supply of situations for Governors, Lieutenant Governors, Secretaries, Judges, Attorney Generals, Bishops, Chaplains, and-so-forth, for their connexions, dependants and younger sons. It would not do to give up the colonies or all these snug berths would be lost. It would not do to give them up since more than two thirds of the army and three-fourths of the navy would be so palpably needless that they could not be retained. While things remain as they are, you cannot wonder that the aristocracy retain the patronage of both army and navy in their own hands—that they oppose all effective domination of either the one or the other—and that they cling to the colonies as essential to the integrity of the empire and their own maintenance in power and idleness at the cost of the productive classes of the three Kingdoms. William Howett explains these things, by the unanswerable arguments of facts and figures with the help of a few terse and petty illustrations of his own, in such a way as I have never seen done before. No mere argument, no appeal to abstract principles has half the weight with the slow going, consecutive people of England, who saturated with the lessons and habits of a thousand years, cannot help falling down and worshipping rank and title. Give them facts and figures, figures and facts—and plenty of them—let the same be O. K. and the facts all true—and then they may begin to budge, but not till then.

Talking of the admiration of rank and title, I have never seen this manifested to the same extent as in London. There is plenty of servility in Ireland, but the country is so poor that we seldom see members of the aristocracy amongst us. In London, however, they swarm, and in London they breathe so much incense that it is no wonder they think themselves, if they are not, the porcelain clay of humanity. I have been amazed and amused at the Temperance and Anti-Slavery gatherings I have attended there to see the deference and delight exhibited by grave Quakers and philanthropists, when honoured by a visit from a peer, an honourable, or a member of parliament. I have heard the Duke of Sussex, an unwieldy old uncle of the Queen's, who had little to commend him in conduct or character, complimented by a brother of Elizabeth Fry, a much better man than himself, for his kindness and condescension in consenting to preside over a meeting of 5000 people, which was attended by the illustrious Clarkson, and other truly great men, English and American, whose names will never die. Of course this extravagant deference to rank, title, and wealth—the latter as prevalent in the United States as well as here—arise from a false standard of value, the result of a bad education, and when the world becomes really civilized, which it is yet far from being in the countries most boastful of their civilization, men and women shall be estimated for their moral worth, in proportion to their benefits they have conferred upon their kind as its "guides, philosophers, and friends," and not from merely adventitious circumstances, not for the splendid crimes they have committed, or the vain glory they have pursued.

The Pamphlet on the great State Church Parliament is to the same tune as the other. It shows that nearly every one of these 700 military legislators in Lords and Commons, is also connected in like manner with the Church. They are in the Army or in the Church—or if not in either, they have relations by blood or marriage, whose interests are so bound up with the maintenance of these institutions, that it would be absurd to expect them to act with a single eye to the good of the people when the reduction of the army or, its more economical maintenance are in question; or that they could be impartial when the expediency of the separation of Church and State are under discussion. The Lord Chancellor, as keeper of the Queen's conscience, (so he is oddly enough called betimes,) has the gift of presentation to upwards of 500 livings—the Prime Minister has 100—the Bishop of London 90—the Duke of Devonshire 33—and so on through all the grades of marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, baronets, and commoners, hundreds upon hundreds of livings are in the gift of laymen either ex officio or in connection with the tenure of extensive landed possessions. So that it is no wonder the aristocracy clings to the Church and the Church to the aristocracy.

When you consider that the people of these three Kingdoms pay in taxes and impositions of one kind or another, for the support of royalty, aristocracy, army, navy, church, and paupers, upwards of 500 millions of dollars more than the people of the United States—when to this you add that the property in the land is in a very few hands, and that these few have the virtual control of the money thus wrung from the rest of the population—when you survey the vast colonial territory of England, and that the people of the mother country are impoverished, however their masters, the aristocracy may be benefitted by their possessions—you cannot wonder that among the English poor, not to speak of the Irish and Scotch, the poverty is so terrible, the ignorance so extreme, the degradation so astounding, and crime of the most awful kind so prevalent. Just as the Slavery in your Southern States is the fruitful mother of bloody and ferocious deeds, so is the horrible and heaven daring inequality that prevails in Great Britain and Ireland. The ascendency of injustice here is very much like what it is with you, though not quite so complete. The most daring crime a man can commit against public opinion in the slave States is to denounce Slavery. To denounce the evil results of royalty and aristocracy as they exist amongst us is looked on and treated in many instances as flat blasphemy. Royalty and aristocracy are maintained by Bible texts here—just as Republicanism and Slavery are similarly sanctified in your country. This elasticity of interpretation is indeed a great mystery which requires large faith to make it set easy on the inquiring mind. I cant fathom it. Can you?

At any rate, William Howitt will do almost as much good by these pamphlets as if he were a clergyman and preached a sermon or two every Sunday for a year. The army and navy Parliament and the Church and State Parliament are nuisances, and must be abated. They force the people down to a pitch of degradation inseperable from ignorance and crime, and whoever points out the evil so as to force attention to its enormity is a benefactor to humanity. I dont believe there is on earth such fine materials for a truly great people as in England. Nowhere will you find greater generosity, magnanimity, truthfulness, good heartedness and self-respect, and it is a thousand pities they should be ill treated and deceived as they are.

I thank you for the *New York Tribune* you sent me. I don't know wether you thought I would be much amused by Henry Clay's plan for gradual Emancipation in Kentucky, or Horace Greelye's glorification of the philanthropy and statesmanship exhibited in this illustrious proof of attachment to liberty, exhibited by his guide, philosopher, and friend. In either case my natural love for drollery has been fully gratified. Both Clay and Greely are droll, but Greely being most inconsistent, is most ridiculous. The great Kentuckian seeing that the perpetuation of Slavery in the United States is impossible, and that some of the popular politicians must come forward with some plan, has produced a scheme such as one might expect from a lover of liberty whose appreciation of justice and humanity is shown in the (*in*)famous declaration that his fifty slaves are "fat and sleek." He takes care to postpone the commencement of his plan to a date so distant that we may hope he will not be there to see. Talking of fanaticism, I know of no fanatacism so horrible as this clinging of American freemen to American Slavery. They cling to it with an individual tenacity such as no nation has ever shown in its attachment to liberty. There is something infernal in this horrible fidelity. Here is this Clay who has spent his long life in canting about liberty, and labouring for the perpetuation of a horribly degrading bondage—who has calculated in dollars worth the bodies and souls of three millions of human beings; and at last, just as the world is slipping beneath his feet, and the grave is yawning to receive him, and the accursed Babel he has helped to build is tottering to its fall, amidst the applauses of nations, and the congratulations of all good men—in this crisis, he comes forward, with his abomin able "statesmanship," to devise a scheme to put off the evil day till long past the time when he shall no longer be above ground, and his own reputation shall have rotted to its proper dimensions. Greeley is, I believe, at heart, a good sort of fellow, but political bigotry and blindness are able to nullify any amount of natural gifts and graces. In the great English Tory Review, the Quarterly, I saw it expressed in so many words a few days ago, that bad as war is, and much as the writer abhorred the evils it entailed, he would rather have war as a lesser evil than that Europe should be overspread by the damnation of democratic principles. And here we have Horace Greeley who is truly humane, and sincerely attached to justice and liberty, hailing with Io Paans this crafty scheme of a ruthless slaveholder for the maintenance of the shame and weakness of the United States in all its atrocious integrity for another thirty years at the very least. I have seen this plan of Clay's noticed in several of our newspapers, and always with a correct appreciation of the scheme and its author. It is accepted as a good sign of the times that so staunch a friend to Slavery should come forward at ever so respectful a distance as a disciple of Garrison. It shows the spirit of the age—it shows how the wind sets. It is admitted on all hands that Brother Jonathan is a smart fellow; that when he begins to go, he goes ahead; and that when he has made up his mind, as he is likely to do very shortly, to cease to do evil and learn to do well—to be a slave-trader and a slaveholder no longer—to be consistent with his professions, and to separate the *stripes* from the *stars*—that then he will do what he has resolved with characteristic promptitude, and not in the snail's gallop chalked out for him by the great patriot whose slaves are "fat and sleek." Henry Clay is looked on here by those who are indifferent to Slavery as a long-headed, cautious man, and it is thought he has admitted by the publication of his plan, that the ground is giving way beneath the feet of the slaveocracy, and that it is the wisest thing they can do to make the best terms for themselves that they can while there is time.

I had a letter lately from a mutual friend in Philadelphia and when I answered his letter I omitted to answer one question he put to me. As any information I can give may be as interesting to you as to him, perhaps you will have the goodness to take my answer and convey it to him. He wishes to know how it happens that with such excellent means of investment in the United States, and the difficulties that exist at home, there is so little disposition in England to do so. He supposes it is known here that repudiation of debts has been denounced as dishonorable in America, that it has occurred in only a few instances, and that the general sense of the nation condemns it as not only dishonorable but bad policy. I imagine that the difficulty in the way of English investment in the United States arises from the prevalent ignorance here of the very geography and institutions of your country. Nothing, as a general thing, is known of the nature of your distinct State institutions, or of the limited power of your General Government—so that the act of a part is deemed the act of the whole, and a want of confidence in the whole nation results from bad faith evinced by a very small portion of it. The English, like the Americans, are ridiculously self important and conceited as a people. They know little and care little for any nation but themselves, and they think that the whole universe is lost in admiration of them. This absurd conceit is, I need not tell you, altogether without foundation, but it is nevertheless productive of vast ignorance and innumerable mistakes.

I dont think you ever knew John Murray of Bowling Bay, near Glasgow, but you have surely heard of him, as in conjunction with Andrew Paton and William Smeal, a great pillar of the Anti-Slavery cause in Scotland. He is dead. He died about a month ago. I heard but a brief intimation of his decease, and then a letter containing some particulars, from his son, James Oswald Murray. His death was the result of repeated attacks of paralysis, but he retained the possession of his intellect, though his memory was somewhat decayed, till the last, when he expired painfully, surrounded by his family. He was one for whom I had a feeling of affectionate veneration. He was a homely, hearty, kindly, honest man, eminent for energy, moral courage, and devotedness to the good of his fellow creatures. He was a man to be honoured, a hero of the true stamp, a genuine Christian. I think I gave you, some months ago, a sketch of a tour in the Scotch highlands that I made in company with a friend. On our return to Glasgow we spent a day pleasantly visiting some of those Anti-Slavery friends, with whom we had long been acquainted by reputation or correspondence. Our visit to Bowling Bay was to me the most interesting part of our whole Scottish tour. John Murray gave us "a highland welcome," and his family were as friendly as himself. His house is situated on the banks of the Clyde, near the foot of a lofty elevation, beautifully planted, and commanding an extensive view over some of the forest land in Scotland. Although very infirm from a recent attack of the disease that was destined to carry him off so soon, he insisted on accompanying us on a walk up the hill side, and we were struck by the freshness of spirit, the kindliness and goodness that upheld him in his struggles with gigantic evils in times when opposition to them was neither so easy nor so popular as at present. His hospitable house was always open to the missionary of humanity, and his purse ever ready for the promtion of good objects, and this in the most unostentatious way, and sometimes with little reference to the limited nature of his own resources. All the American Abolitionists who have visted Scotland within the last ten years will regret the loss of this honest, large hearted man.

The beginning of this letter was written a fortnight ago and laid aside, but the world was not standing still meanwhile. Charles Gavan Duffy, the oldest writer of the Young Ireland party, is now out on bail. He was tried a third time, and I suppose because the government took no pains to pack a jury, the jury that was selected did not agree. Six of these were for a verdict of guilty, and six for acquittal. The fact is, trial by jury for political offences is a farce in Ireland. The government have no chance of conviction unless they pack a jury of persons opposed to the agitators—and if they pack the jury, the prisoner may fairly object that he has not had a fair trial. For a politician, I believe Duffy to be an honest man. To be sure he has always sneered at the abolition of Slavery, but no wise man expects consistency or consistent love of liberty in a politician—and he has lost nearly all his property, perhaps 25,000 dollars in law expenses and the neglect of his business during his imprisonment. The mass of the Irish people are not up to the Young Irelanders, who have thrown themselves away upon a people who cannot appreciate them. They think more of their religion and their priests—such as there are—than for all their patriots. And what the religion and the priests are may be estimated from the present deplorably demoralized condition of the people. All religions and all priesthoods may be fairly submitted to the same test. There is no better way of proving their value. It is for bringing the American clergy and religions to this ordeal, the honesty and courage of the Abolitionists are so little admired. So 1800 years ago. So in Luther's time. So in George Fox's time. So in all time. The French too have had an expedition to restore the Pope. So much for the French Republic, Louis Napoleon, and that Protean French people.

Yours, ever truly,

R. D. WEBB.

Married.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Dewey, John C. Peters, M. D., to Georgiana, daughter of Andrew S. Snel

Poetry.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Lines suggested by the late successes of Austrian despotism.

Awhile obscured thy glorious light,
With clouds and darkness shaded yet,
Though all around portends the night,
Thy sun, O Freedom, hath not set;
Above the envious clouds that rise
Shines still the pure unsullied ray,
Anon to burst upon our eyes,
With dazzling and immortal day.

The seeds of Liberty are sown
In every corner of the earth,
And e'en the smallest straggling one,
Blood-nourished, waits a coming birth.
Oppression o'er the seeming waste,
With steel-clad hoof the germs may tread,
'Till every vestige is effaced,
And even hope from memory fled.

But hidden life remains beneath,
Although its advent is delayed,
Unscathed by barrenness or death,
Nor is the essence dormant laid;
The roots extend, thy genial fires,
O Freedom, permeates the sod,
And with preserving warmth inspires
Those sacred tenants of the clod.

Shine on, thou fair illustrious light,
Though feebly seen, earth feels the ray,
And waits expectant till the blight,
And storm, and darkness pass away;
Waits 'till the buds of promise burst,
Waits 'till the flowers of beauty bloom,
Tear-watered plants in sorrow nursed
A new creation from the tomb.

Unfading verdure sprung to birth,
Must soon its mantle spread around,
And sacred kept, the teeming earth
No more Oppression's ploughshare wound;
Full many a furrow it hath made.
And more the world perhaps may see,
And many a spot be fallow-laid,
Yet fated for fertility.

The stubborn glebe is rife with might,
The stones and clay with strength abound,
Nestling in safety 'till the light
Of morning calls them from the ground.
Frost-nipped the early shoots may seem
To perish, yet they still survive,
'Till Freedom, thine immortal beam
Brings all to life and bids them thrive.

JAMES STILLMAN.

April 21st, 1849.

From the Providence Daily Journal.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

BY GEORGE SANDYS.

Thy beauty, Israel is fled,
Sunk to the dead;
How are the valiant fallen! the slain
Thy mountains strain.
Oh! let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Askelon—

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight!
Lest in the torrent of our woe,
Their pleasure flow:
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.

Ye hills of Gilboa! never may
You offerings pay;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms were made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughtering red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! O how pleasant! when
They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
Than lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters! weep for Saul;
I lament his fall.
Who fed you with earth's increase,
And crowned with peace;
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devoured!
O Jonathan! the better part
Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great: O never more
To man, man bore!
No woman when most passionate,
Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fallen in fight!
They and their glory set in night!

From the British Friend.

ALL GOOD THINGS ARE COMMON.

When the new-born helpless Stranger
Enters first this World beneath,
Born in Palace or in Manger,
'Tis the common air we breathe.
When the silken lids asunder,
To the miracle of sight,
Open first with joy and wonder,
'Tis unto the common light:
All good things are common.

On him now in quick succession
Influences unnumbered play;
Hidden powers in due progression
Forth unfold from day to day.
Sun and shade the earth and ocean,
Change of season, night and noon,
Minister to one emotion,
Nature knows no partial boon:
Needful things are common.

Nature, universal Mother,
Doth bestow on every soil,
Unto one as to another,
Equal gifts to equal toil.
'Tis on all the rain descendeth,
'Tis for all the flowers are spread,
'Tis one common sky that bendeth
O'er the humblest, haughtiest head:
All such things are common.

Not alone the broad creation':
Thought and feeling both are free,
Heart and mind are not of station,
Nor controlled by man's decree.
Like the precious ore in mountains,
Knowledge yields to strength and skill;
Wisdom from her sacred fountains,
Cries—Ye thirsty drink at will!
Inmost things are common.

What though dressed in brief dominion,
Might usurps the common soil,
(Prey of old to stronger pinion),
Birthright of the Sons of Toil.
Thy proud title searched by Herald,
In the ancient Courts of Time,
Proves, by voice of Justice, peril'd,
Ends in bloodshed, force, and crime:
All just things are common.

Time shall come when Might no longer
Makes its own subservient laws,
Strengthening ever still the stronger,
Trampling down the weaker cause.
Right, so called, divorced from Duty,
Proudly leagued with Power, the Earth
Fills, where else were heavenly beauty,
With Oppression's monstrous birth:
Duties must be common.

Power unreined the Tyrant ever
Hath abused by one long plan,
What by Heaven is joined to sever;
And enslave his fellow man.
Equal rights unto thy Brother
Have been given by law Divine;
That which taketh from another,
Never can be truly Thine;
All best things are common.

At one goal alike each Mortal,
Hastening onward soon must stan
With the grave one common portal
To a better, happier Land.
At a common Footstool bending,
All must seek one mercy-seat:
There the Pilgrim's warfare ending
At a common Saviour's feet:
Final things are common.

Miscellany.

From Chamber's Edinburg Journal.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Elizabeth Gurney, afterwards Mrs. Fry, born on the 21st of May, 1780, was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham, in Norfolk, a member of the Society of Friends. She lost her maternal parent, a woman of great worth and ability, when only twelve years of age. The family then consisted of eleven children, the eldest of whom was only seventeen. Her feelings of benevolence towards her suffering fellow creatures appear to have been drawn out in very early childhood, by her being the companion of her mother in her visits to the cottages of their poor neighbours. In other respects there was nothing striking in her character excepting strong affection, which was particularly called forth towards her parents, and brothers and sisters. When about seventeen, she was seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and both her judgment and conscience subsequently decided in favour of the society to which her family belonged, and of which she afterwards became such an ornament.

She was now enabled to gratify her feelings of benevolence by becoming her father's almoner, and she was never sparing of her own personal sacrifices, both of time and property, for the benefit of others. Though her own education was rather deficient, owing to some want of application in herself, and partly from her general delicate state of health, yet even at this early period of her life she felt the necessity of giving instruction to the humbler classes, as a means of improving their moral condition. To carry out this idea, she taught the poor children in the neighbourhood: and in a short time her school, which was commenced with one little boy, increased to about seventy scholars, and was then held in a vacant laundry attached to their house. The first mention we have of her sympathies being drawn out by the moral degradation of her species, was while on a tour through part of Wales and the south of England, in company with her father and six sisters. When at Plymouth, (1798) they visited the dockyards; and she notes in her diary: "My mind felt deeply hurt on account of the poor sailors and women, of whom I have seen a sad number, and longed to do them good, to try one day to make them sensible of the evil state they appeared to be in.

On the 19th of August, 1800, Elizabeth Gurney was united to Mr. Joseph Fry, who was then a junior partner in a large mercantile establishment, and she and her husband took up their abode in St. Mildrid's Court, City. During their residence in this place, their five eldest children were born; and notwithstanding the duties of her family, and the delicate state of her own health, she devoted much time to visiting the abodes of want and misery. Her removal to Plashet, in 1809, was not only more congenial to her feelings, by gratifying her natural love of the country, but opened fresh fields for her benevolence. The change was occasioned by the death of her husband's father, whose country seat is had previously been. She established a school in the neighbourhood, and was looked up to by the poor around as the Lady Bountiful of the place. Even the gipsies; who, about the time of Fairlop Fair, were in the habit of pitching their tents near her house, came under her kind notice; and the parishs of society heard themselves—many perhaps for the first time—addressed by fair and gentle lips in terms of sisterly sympathy.

But we must now follow her to the principal sphere of her philanthropy—the loathsome and neglected cells of the prison; where her sweet voice was heard whispering to the most abandoned of her sex of a return to virtue and happiness. In 1813, several members of the Society of Friends visited Newgate, to see some felons under sentence of death. These gentlemen were on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Fry, and they gave her such a sad account of the state of the women confined there, that she, accompanied by a female friend, Anna Buxton, entered this abode of misery and crime, for the purpose of affording warm clothing to the wretched inmates. Owing to ill health and domestic trials, she did not renew her visits for three or four years; but during that time she was learning in the school of affliction to sympathise even more truly with the suffering of others. Her next efforts were made in 1817, when she formed a school for the children of the prisoners and the young criminals. In a letter to her eldest sister, she expresses the interest she took in the cause of these poor outcasts—"My heart, and mind, and time," she says, "are very much engaged in various ways. Newgate is a principal object; and I think, until I make some attempt at amendment in the plans for the women, I shall not feel easy; but if such efforts should prove unsuccessful, I think that I should then have tried to do my part, and be easy." In the spring of this year an association was consequently formed for the "Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." The object of this society was to provide clothing, employment, and instruction for the women. They were paid for their work, and received part of their money immediately, that they might procure any little comfort they needed; the rest was placed in the hands of the committee, as a reserve for future use. This plan was found highly beneficial, by occupying the time which had before been spent in gamiug, drinking and quarrelling.

Before these steps were taken, however, the city authorities were consulted. They expressed their approbation of the plans, but looked upon their realization as hopeless, thinking that the prisoners would never be brought to submit to the restraints which such a change must impose upon them. But Mrs. Fry collected the women together; and after having pointed out to them the advantages of industry and sobriety, and the pleasures of conscious rectitude—at the same time contrasting this picture by their own direful experience of the misery of vice—she told them that the ladies of the committee had not come to command their obedience, but had left their homes and families to entreat them for their good. She then asked if they were not willing to act in concert with them, assuring them that not a rule should be made without their entire and united concurrence. Each rule was then put separately to the vote, and such was the effect of gentleness and reason, even upon minds so untractable, that they were all unanimously carried.

Hitherto a scene of riot and confusion had occurred on the occasion of removing the female convicts from Newgate in open wagons. The common sense of Mrs. Fry revolted at this indecent exhibition, and she suggested that the removal should take place privately by means of hackney coaches. The governors having acceded to the proposal, the experiment was tried, and it proved perfectly successful. When on board, Mrs. Fry and the ladies of her party examined into the accommodation, and made many wise arrangements for the voyage; among others, materials for work were provided, which was to be sold for the benefit of the convicts on reaching the place of their destination. This was of more essential service to them than she was then aware of, for she afterwards learned from the chaplain of the colony at New South Wales that there was at that time no asylum provided for them on their arrival. A building has since then been erected, and many proper arrangements made for the preservation of the morals, and the comfort of these unhappy beings.

In August 1818, Mrs. Fry journeyed into the North of England and Scotland, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Joseph J. Gurney. They made a close examination into the state of the prisons in their route, and Mr. Gurney published an account of these investigations, and laid before the magistrates at the various places a statement of facts, pointing out to them modes of improvement, which were in most instances adopted. Two years after, Mrs. Fry took another journey into the North, and in many places was able to form committees of ladies to visit the female prisoners in their own county jails. "The British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners" was instituted soon after. Its object was to unite these branch societies in one body, that there might be systematic effort in the good work. This association has proved highly beneficial in many ways, by establishing houses of shelter for discharged prisoners who had no homes, and affording relief, part in the shape of a loan, and, part as a gift to such as were willing to earn an honest living by their own exertions: also by founding schools of discipline for female vagrants and juvenile offenders &c., &c. In the summer of 1824, in consequence of ill-health, Mrs. Fry made a stay of several months at Brighton. While here she was much interested in the state of the poor around—both that of the numerous beggars and the resident poor in the neighbourhood. She had, a short time before, consulted with Dr. Chalmers on the best method of assisting this class, and was therefore in some measure acquainted with his views: now she directed her attention to the subject, and "District-Visiting Societies" were in consequence set on foot, to examine into and relieve real cases of want.

Her illness was attended by frequent attacks of faintness in the early morning, and she was at such times carried to an open window for the influence of the fresh breezes. The coast was visible from her chamber, and as she sat and watched the first gray streaks of dawn over the foaming ocean, or gazed on the dreary cliffs before her, only one living object was present to her view. This was the coast guard, who paced with measured step the lonely beach. Her thoughtful and ever active benevolence suggested means of benefiting these men, who were in a great measure shut out from intercourse with their fellow creatures. One day, when passing near one of the stations, she ordered her coachman to stop, that she might make inquiries into their general condition. The man addressed, however, politely told her that he was not allowed to hold communication with any one whilst on duty. Fearing that this short colloquy might therefore bring him into trouble, she gave him her card, telling him to present it to his commanding officer. A few days after, the lieutenant in command called upon her, and offered to answer any inquiries. He informed her that the coast guard were subject to many dangers and privations, being exposed to all weathers, as well as to the violence of the smugglers.

She at once provided those in the vicinity with Bibles, and afterwards made strenuous efforts to obtain libraries for the use of all the men thus employed. She saw that the loneliness of their situation, and the abscence of proper subjects for thought, together with their contact with lawless smugglers, must of necessity produce idle habits and fierce manners; and that, to prevent this moral evil, it was requisite to provide wholesome food for the mind. In consequence of her representations, a committee was formed for this object, and by means of a liberal grant from the Government, and various subscriptions, upwards of 21,000 persons were supplied with religious and instructive books; 498 libraries were established for the stations on shore, containing 25,896 volumes; 74 also for districts, comprising 12,880 volumes; 48 others for cruisers, composed of 1867 volumes, beside 5357 numbers of pamphlets, and 6464 school books for the use of the children of the crews; making a total of 52,466 volumes.

In 1835, Mrs. Fry accompanied her husband on a journey into the south of England; and, as usual, it furnished objects of interest for that strangely active mind, which found "sermons in stones and good in everything." When passing over Salisbury Plain, she noticed the monotonous life led by the numerous shepherds, and the thought suggested itself that libraries would be equally useful to them as to the coast-guards. She therefore stopped a short time at Amesbury, in order to form a library there; and the following letter, which was written a few months after by the person who had the charge of the books, will show the success of the plan:—"Forty-five books are in constant circulation, with the additional magazines. More than fifty poor people read them with attention, return them with thanks, and desire the loan of more, frequently observing, they think it a very kind thing indeed that they should be furnished with so many good books free of all cost, so entertaining and instructive these long winter evenings."

At Falmouth she witnessed the arrival and departure of different vessels and packets, and her benevolent heart again pointed out the benefit to be derived from books, especially to those who have much time unemployed. By the coöperation of friends, chiefly the captains of vessels, and generous grants from different societies, she was enabled to see this deficiency supplied, each packet being furnished with a box containing thirty volumes, which were changed from time to time. Captain Clavell kindly undertook the charge of this library, and one of his family sent the following account of it to Mrs. Fry: "Our library is getting on with much success: the men appear more anxious than ever to read. I can not tell you how much we all feel indebted to you for your kindness and benevolent exertions, but particularly our poor sailors." At a later period; "I have delightful accounts from all the packets; the men really beg for the books. I wish I could show you a box just returned from sea; the books well thumbed, a proof, I should think, of their being read."

Another object of interest to her was the naval hospitals; and by her influence libraries were introduced there likewise. Nor must we omit to mention the reading room and library she formed, a short time before her death, whilst staying at the little village of Cromer for change of air. This was for the use of the fishermen in the neighbourhood to draw them from the public house; and though it was but a small experiment, it was entirely successful, and is full of encouragement and instruction to those who seek, on a larger scale, the deliverance of their fellows from the bonds of vice and idleness.

Mrs. Fry had at this time the gratification of receiving numerous letters from officers of the coast-guard stations, informing her of the good resulting from her labours in this way. She had also many written expressions of gratitude and affection from the poor prisoners in Newgate, as well as cheering intelligence from New South Wales, several of the convicts having sent letters of thanks to her for the instruction she had given them, and for the kind interest she had taken in their welfare. These things greatly encouraged her in her arduous undertakings, and showed that she had not mistaken her mission, though, in fulfilling it, she was obliged in some instances to step out of the conventional rules of her sex. She had much to endure from the narrow prejudices of some, and the illiberal judgment of others. Her noble self-sacrifice were attributed to low motives, and she was even charged with a neglect of her home duties. All this, however, was of little moment, for it could not overturn the obvious and practical results of her labours. If Mrs. Fry had preferred the opinion of the world to the divine spirit of philanthropy which impelled her from within, she would have continued to dance and sing at least as long as the sun of life shone.

In 1828, a house of business in which Mr. Fry was concerned failed. It was not the one which that gentleman personally conducted in St. Mildred's court, but it occasioned a loss so serious to him, as altogether to change the circumstances of the family. They were now obliged to give up Pleasant House, and all the luxuries of affluence, and remove, after a short stay in London to a comparatively humble dwelling in the vicinity of their late abode. The chief cause of regret to Mrs. Fry arose from the fact of her being now unable to render assistance to the poor around, who had so long looked up to her as their friend, and being obliged also to withdraw her support from her school. Much sympathy was expressed in this hour of trial by those who had united with her in her labours of love, and many gratifying testimonies of esteem and affection were presented. Notwithstanding the diminished resources of this remarkable woman, she continued to devote her time to the cause so near her heart. In company with one or other of her brothers, she made fresh tours into Scotland and Ireland, and afterwards extended these journeys to several parts of the continent. Their object was not only to inspect the prisons, but also the lunatic asylums, national schools and hospitals, which were equally in need of improvement; and a vast amount of good resulted from their labours. Our limits will not allow of our entering into details respecting these journeys; but Mrs. Fry and her brothers made personal appeals to the Sovereigns of England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Hanover, and others, on behalf of suffering humanity. Nor did they forget the claims of the poor slave, but remonstrated with those exalted individuals on their countenancing the slave trade in their colonies. They were received with courtesy, and many of their suggestions adopted. None could listen to Mr. Fry's simple eloquence, bold in its truthfullness, yet breathing the very soul of love, without being touched by it. The monarch felt that the beauty of sincerity surpassed the homage of the courtier; and the hardened heart of the criminal melted under the gentle influence of her nature, and felt the loveliness of virtue. That she experienced no self-exultation of the universal respect which was shown to her, is obvious from many passages in her diary. At one time she says—'I have fears for myself in visiting palaces rather than prisons, and going after the rich rather than the poor, lest my eyes should become blinded, or I should fall away in anything from the simple, pure standard of truth and righteousness.'

Fatigue of body and mind had long been weakening her health, and in July 1843 her friends became alarmed. This illness continued, with short intervals of amendment, until October 1845, when her earthly career ended. All that affection could devise was done for her: she was taken from one watering-place to another; but nature was exhausted. In her sixty-sixth year she breathed her last at Ramsgate, deeply lamented not only by all who were bound to her by the ties of kindred, but by thousands whom her philanthropy had assisted, and her virtues had attached to her. When estimating the success of her labours, something must be attributed to the general spirit of improvement of the age; yet surely much praise is due to those individuals who nobly pioneer the way. At the time that Mrs. Fry entered the field of labour, the prisons were in a lamentable state. Various causes had operated to destroy the good which Howard had laboured to effect, and the acts of Parliament which were passed in consequence of his exertions had become a dead letter. The ground had therefore, as it were, to be trodden afresh, and for this work Mrs. Fry was eminently qualified. Her warm, loving heart embraced the whole human family; but her chief object was to stretch forth the hand of encouragement to those of her own sex who were sunk in vice and misery, and to lead them to virtue and happiness.

EXPERIENCES OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

The trial of Rush at Norwich, now occupying so much attention, brings to my mind an execution at the Old Bailey which made a considerable noise in its day. I lodged in Fleet-street. Two men, named Holloway and Haggerty, were condemned to death for the murder of a person called Steele, who had kept a lavender-water shop in Catherine-street, Strand. Steel was accustomed to visit a lavender garden of his own on the borders of Hounslow-heath. He was murdered and robbed, but the only evidence of moment against the two men was an accomplice in the murder, then undergoing the sentence of the law in the hulks for another crime. As his accusing those of whom he declared himself an accomplice was to procure him a pardon for the offence for which he was undergoing punishment in the hulks, he had a weighty motive for their conviction The public thought such evidence dishonest and insufficient. The judge summed up with great fairness, but the jury, after a very short deliberation, pronounced the prisoners guilty. They were executed accordingly. It was in the month of February, 1807 or 1808. On returning to my lodgings with a friend in the evening, or rather in the morning, before the execution, he proposed our going to see the wind up of what had been the subject of so much conversation. We both slept too long to reach Newgate in time, and I declared my conviction that it was too late. I did not go out, but ordered my breakfast, it being then past eight o'clock. Presently my friend returned, with dismay on his face, and related the horrible catastrophe which had occurred. Thirty-two people had been trampled to death, and a great number injured. The Old Bailey was literally covered with fragments of male and female attire. A man having a basket, vending pies, was said to have fallen down, and others were thrown over him; the crowd pressed on and trampled upon those who fell. The mass of people was wedged together down the tunnel shaped avenue from the Newgate street side, and no power could force them back. Desperate conflicts for life ensued just as the criminals had mounted the scaffold. The number of spectators was calculated at 40,000. This execution caused much conversation, many attributing the accident to the conviction of innocent men. No other persons were ever charged with the offence—perhaps justice was satisfied equally by the example made, whether the parties were guilty or innocent, for such were the opinions of many at that time. Human blood was poured out like water in those days "for example's sake!"

At this time there were a great many literary men resident in Fleet-street and near the Temple. This seems to have been the case for a considerable period antecedent, perhaps, to the accession of the stolid Hanoverian Georges to the crown. Prior to that time Covent-garden had been the rendezvous of the learned and the wits from the days of Charles II. Glorious John Dryden then took his arm chair at the corner of Bow-street, Maiden-lane, Tavistock-street, Bow-street, and Russell-street, were then the haunts of the great and learned. Leicester-square was the home of royalty and fashion. The accession of the House of Hanover, repelling the sons of literature, it may be presumed, towards their previous haunts, rendered them more independent in spirit than they were before. The Devil Tavern in Fleet street had been the place of resort in Elizabethan days, and the literati of Dr. Johnson's time were again found about Fleet street. They had but returned to their more ancient haunts. The Mitre, the Cheshire Cheese, and several houses of resort not yet passed away, were visited continually by Johnson and his friends. The lexicographer had lodged in Wine-office-court. He had spent many of his evenings at Cheshire Cheese with Goldsmith and others. I had heard of this, and had always a fancy for dining at the Mitre and Cheshire in consequence. Those houses were not then, as now, the rendezvous of merchants' and bankers' clerks, but their visitors were of the old race of lawyers and eloquent tradesmen, who came to take their pipe and recreate in social converse for an hour or two before bed time. Few then comparatively lived away from their places of business. There was a sprinkling too of half-pay officers and men of science to be found in those houses. Some were even yet remaining who had sat there with Johnson and Goldsmith. Among the most conspicuous of these last were a Mr. Tyers, a silk mercer on Ludgate hill, and Colonel Lawrence, who told me more than once, with no little pride, that he carried the colours of the 20th Regiment, which bore the brunt of the day in the battle of Minden (1759.) Both these individuals had known Goldsmith and Johnson. The last had been dead about twenty years. People in business were less motive than now. Steamers were not invented, and the environs of London were a terra incognita to more than half the population. I have several times gone into the room since. It is on the left hand upon entering from Wine-office-court. I always found it in the same state as when I first saw it, and imagine it is so still. The sole difference was that which time and contrast always seem to make as we get older—namely, that things looked much smaller and more dingy than in bygone years, and, in short, much meaner. Almost all other objects have been improved around: the streets widened, houses new fronted, and every room for public reception decorated and fitted up in a very improved taste compared to the best of the time to which I allude. The Mitre was changed and beautified, but the Cheshire was as it had been in the days of Johnson and Goldsmith. To the right hand within the room, which is upon the left upon entering the house, and on the chimney side, there is a window with a seat which fronts the end of a table. That seat was always occupied by Dr. Johnson. Goldsmith generally sat near the Doctor's left, on the seat which is against the south wall. It was at this same table that Colonel Lawrence directed me to Green Arbour-court, in the old Bailey, to a set of miserably dirty steps, which led down towards what then was Fleet market. There I saw for the first time the poverty-stricken lodgings of Goldsmith, of which I had often read in my boyhood. There, bordering upon the dungeon of the malefactor, and almost within hearing of his clanking chains, amid the dwellings of poverty and wretchedness, abode the man whose fame is so enduring. There he wrote the "Bee," and perhaps the "Citizen of the World." The reflection that time might have rendered more miserable the aspect of the locality was not sufficient in the generous warmth of boyhood to stifle the feeling of pain that genius—even genius of a far inferior order—should be so located. It is indeed painful to reflect that of the existence genius irradiates, the lot is so often bitter. This Cheshire house of refreshment was then kept by a person called Blanchard, who soon after made his fortune, and left that and life together almost immediately on his retirement. There then succeeded to the property a singular character who had been the waiter, named John. He, too, made his fortune, and retired to die. How many more have done this down to the present hour, I know not. I speak of forty years ago in mentioning Tyers and Lawrence. The former was a relation of a particular friend of Johnson's of the same name. Lawrence used to boast of his friendship with Goldsmith. I listened then to all that was said about the men I reverenced with eager curiosity. I luxuriated in the freshness and credulity of youth—they in the over-ripeness and incredulity of age; I was feeding upon anticipations never to be realized—they living upon recollections that derived their sole value from their inaccessibility. To me the world was a broad disc of glory—it was to them the last faint outline of the waning crescent.

Neither of these individuals were of the modern time in character or manners. I recollect that they did not show any fondness for "thin potations." Colonel Lawrence was a man of middle stature, inclined to be stout, approaching, or perhaps a year or two short of seventy. He was not fonder of conversing about Minden than he was of talking about his old friend Goldsmith. He wrote tolerable verses himself, and exhibited, I well remember, a printed copy of some poems which related to "Auburn," and originated in a conversation with Goldsmith about his "Deserted Village." The colonel had a rubicund countenance, and was an inveterate smoker. He was a gentleman of the old school in manners. I saw his book in a shop-window in Fleet street subsequently, and was afterwards sorry I did not purchase it. Goldsmith, he said, was an excellent companion, but a little gauche—it was his way, a part of his nature which he could not help. Johnson used to snub him at times, which he took in perfect good humour. He was very ordinary in person. Tyers wore a powdered wig, with a most substantial tail, and his dark coat was covered half way down his back with hair powder. He said that, whoever was at the table where we then sat, he always made way for Johnson, and that Goldsmith endeavoured to sit next to him. The poet had then been dead above thirty years. Lawrence once pointed out the house opposite in the same court as one where both Johnson and Goldsmith had lodged, and where the last wrote a part of the "Vicar of Wakefield." It was before he removed to the Temple, as I imagine, where he put on the beau and the peach coloured coat.—*Jerrold's News.*

LETTER FROM THE LADY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BEDFORD PLACE, LONDON, April 4, 1849.

SIR—I address myself to you as the head of a grand nation, whose power to help me I cannot doubt, and whose disposition to do so I have a confidence which I trust you will not deem presumptuous.

The name of my husband, Sir John Franklin, is probably not unknown to you. It is intimately connected with the northern part of that continent of which the American Republic forms so vast and conspicuous a portion. When I visited the United States, three years ago, amongst the many proofs I received of respect and courtesy, there was none which touched, and even surprised me, more than the appreciation everywhere expressed to me of his former services in geographical discovery, and the interest felt in the enterprise in which he was then known to be engaged.

The expedition fitted out by our government for the discovery of the Northwest Passage (that question which for three hundred years had engaged the interest and baffled the energies of the man of science and the navigator) sailed, under my husband's command, in May, 1845. The two ships 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' contained one hundred and thirty-eight men (officers and crew) and were victualed for three years. They were not expected home, unless success had early rewarded their efforts, or some casualty hastened their return, before the close of 1847; nor were any tidings of them expected in the interval. But when the autumn of 1847 arrived, without any intelligence from the ships, the attention of her majesty's Government was directed to the necessity of searching for and conveying relief to them in case of their being imprisoned in the ice or wrecked, and in want of provisions and means of transport. For this purpose an expedition, in three divisions, was last year divcted to the three different quarters simultaneously, viz:

First, to that by which, in case of success, the ships would come out of the Polar Sea to westward, (or Behring's Strait.)

Second to that by which they entered on their course of discovery on the eastern side, (or Davis's Strait.)

And, third to an intervening portion of the Arctic shore, approachable by land from the Hudson Bay Company's settlements on which it was supposed the crews, if obliged to abandon their ships, would be found.

This last division of the expedition was placed under the command of my husband's faithful friend, the companion of his former travels, Dr. Sir John Richardson, who landed in New York in April of last year, and hastened to join his men and boats, which were already in advance towards the Arctic shore. Of this portion of the expedition I may briefly say, that the absence of any intelligence from Sir John Richardson, at this season, proves he has been unsuccessful in the object of his search. The expedition intended for Behring's Strait has hitherto been a complete failure. It consisted of a single ship, the Plover, which, owing to her setting off too late and to her bad sailing properties, did not even approach her destination last year. The remaining and most important part of the searching expedition consists of two ships, under the command of Sir James Ross, which sailed last May for Davis's Strait, but did not succeed, owing to the state of the ice, in getting into Lancaster Sound till the season for operations had nearly closed. These ships are now wintering in the ice, and a store shipis about to be despatched from hence with provisions and fuel to enable them to stay out another year; but one of these vessels is, in a great degree, withdrawn from active search, by the necessity of watching at the entrance of Lancaster Sound for the arrival of intelligence and instructions from England by the whalers.

I have entered into these details with a view of proving that, though the British Government has not forgotten the duty it owes to the brave men whom it has sent on a perilous service, and has spent a very large sum in providing the means for their rescue, yet that, owing to various causes, the means actually in operation for this purpose are quite inadequate to meet the extreme exigence of the case; for it must be remembered that the missing ships were victualed for three years only, and that nearly four years have now elapsed, so that the survivors of so many winters in the ice must be at the last extremity; and also it must be borne in mind that the channels by which the ships may have attempted to force a passage westward, or which they may have been compelled by adverse circumstances to take, are very numerous and complicated, and that one or two ships cannot possibly, in the course of the next summer, explore them all.

The Board of Admiralty, under a conviction of this fact, has been induced to offer a reward of £20,000 to any ship or ships, of any country, or to any exploring party whatever, which shall render efficient assistance to the missing ships, or their crews, or to any portion of them. This announcement, which, even if the sum had been doubled or trebled, would have met with public approbation, comes, however, too late for our whalers, which had unfortunately sailed before it was issued, and which, even if the news should reach them at their fishing grounds, are totally unfitted for any prolonged adventure, having only a few month's provisions on board, and no additional clothing. To the American whalers, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, I look with more hope as competitors for the prize, being well aware of their numbers and strength, their thorough equipment, and the bold spirit of enterprise which animates their crews. But I venture to look even beyond these. I am not without hope that you will deem it not unworthy of a great and kindred nation to take up the cause of humanity, which I plead in a national spirit, and thus generally make it your own.

I must here in gratitude adduce the example of the Imperial Russian Government, which, as I am led to hope by his Excellency the Russian Ambassador in London, who forwarded a memorial on the subject, will send out exploring parties this summer from the Asiatic side of Behring's Strait, northwards, in search of the lost vessels. It would be a noble spectacle to the world, if three great nations, possessed of the widest empires on the face of the globe, were thus to unite their efforts in the truly Christian work of saving their perishing fellow men from destruction.

It is not for me to suggest the mode in which such benevolent efforts might best be made. I will only say, however, that if the conceptions of my own mind, to which I do not venture to give utterance, were realized, and that in the noble competion which followed, American seamen had the good fortune to wrest from us the glory, as might be the case, of solving the problem of the unfound passage, or the still greater glory of saving our adventurous navigators from a lingering fate which the mind sickens to dwell on, though I should in either case regret that it was not my own brave countrymen in those seas whose devotion was thus rewarded, yet should I rejoice that it was to *America* we owed our restored happiness, and should be forever bound to her by ties of affectionate gratitude.

I am not without some misgivings while I thus address you. The intense anxieties of a wife and of a daughter may have led me to press too earnestly on your notice the trial under which we are suffering—yet not we only, but hundreds of others—and to presume too much on the sympathy which we are assured is felt beyond the limits of our land. Yet if you deem this to be the case, you will still find, I am sure, even in that personal intensity of feeling, an excuse for the fearlessness with which I have thrown myself on your generosity, and will pardon the homage I thus pay to your own high character, and to that of the people over whom you have the high distinction to preside.

I have the honour to be, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, JANE FRANKLIN.

Answer by the Secretary of State of the United States to the above Letter.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, April 25, 1849.

MADAM: Your letter to the President of the United States, dated April 4, 1849, has been received by him, and he has instructed me to make you the following reply:

The appeal made, in the letter which you have honoured him, is such as would strongly enlist the sympathy of the rulers and the people of any portion of the civilized world.

To the citizens of the United States, who share so largely in the emotions which agitate the public mind of your own country, the name of Sir John Franklin has been endeared by his heroic virtues, and the sufferings and sacrifices which he has encountered for the benefit of mankind. The appeal of his wife and daughter in their distress has been borne across the waters, asking the assistance of a kindred people to save the brave men who embarked in his unfortunate expedition; and the people of the United States, who have watched with the deepest interest that hazardous enterprise, will now respond to that appeal by the expression of their united wishes that every proper effort may be made by this government for the rescue of your husband and his companions.

To accomplish this object you have in view, the attention of American navigators, and especially that of our whalers, will be immediately invoked. All the information in the possession of this government, to enable them to aid in discovering the missing ships, relieving their crews, and restoring them to their families, shall be spread far and wide among our people; and all that the Executive Government of the United States, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, can affect to meet this requisition on American enterprise, skill and bravery, will be promptly undertaken.

The hearts of the American people will be deeply touched by your eloquent address to their chief magistrate, and they will join with you in an earnest prayer to Him whose spirit is on the waters, that your husband and his companions may yet be restored to their country and their friends.

I have the honour to be your Ladyship's friend and obedient servant, JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Lady JANE FRANKLIN, Bedford Place, London.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The Duke of Wellington completed his 80th year on Tuesday, the 1st inst.

Father Mathew, says Jerold's News, is to sail for New York on the 21st inst.

THE *Scottish Temperance Review* states: "In 1846, 247,803 persons were occupied in selling strong drinks. They cost more than a hundred millions of money every year. They sink to hell annually 60,000 souls!"

Jerrold's News, in an article upon a late public execution in England, remarks with great force:—"In many instances the public is told that 'the unhappy man was, by the exertions of the rev. chaplain, ultimately brought to a sense of his awful situation.' The meaning of this is that the criminal is presumed to have repented. What sort of an example is it to a mob to see a man throttled, if they believe that he goes from the gibbet to Paradise?"

Mr. Cobden, at a recent dinner given to him in England, said in his speech:—"I want further to enlist you in two or three practical questions, but which our opponents will call Utopias. (Cheers.) Utopias! The West Riding has a knack of making Utopias realities. (Cheers.) The West Riding made Clarkson's Utopias for the abolition of the slave trade a reality. (Cheers.) The West Riding made Wilberforce's Utopias for abolition of Slavery a reality. You made what was called madness in 1839 reality in 1849.

A correspondent of the *Trinidadian* writes: "I saw a gentleman from Cuba, who says the slaves are very troublesome and constantly revolting."—Troublesome wretches! *exclaims Jerrold's News.*

WALL LITERATURE.—Some specimens of what may be properly enough termed wall literature, are occasionally very amusing. Few have forgotten the time when almost the front of every house was chalked with the annoying request of "Send back the money." Now, in retaliation, the juveniles of the opposite party have called their caligraphy into operation, and scratched on all sorts of walls the rather absurd words "Send back the churches" (which propably alludes to the thirteen churches lately restored to the Established Church, by a decision of the House of Lords.) Churches are not quite so moveable as cash, but the advice, with some little modification, is certainly a good one.—*Glasgaw Examiner.*

MACAULAY.—We do not call Mr. Macaulay a genius—keen perceptions, and large and correct powers of reflection, he unquestionably has—but he has neither the speed, the intuitive power, nor the enthusiasm of genius; and that capacity for versatility and adaptability, which is, perhaps, rather a result of temperament than of intellectual power, is wanting. His is not the electric flash, darting meteor-like through the darkness and irradiating obscurity beyond, but the sun of acquired and concentrated science, shining through the misty atmosphere of the morning of imperfect knowledge, and dissipating the clouds of prejudice, and the fogs of superficiality. If Mr. Macaulay, however, is not a genius he is something better; because, more practically useful; something more worthy of imitation, as well as far easier to imitate. He is an example of what may be done by steady and determined labour. Indeed, labour is the secret of Macaualy's excellence.—Richard Hart, in the *People's Journal.*

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—"Another motive power will be in operation soon. Electricity will yet be applied to that purpose. The principle is already settled, and in a few years we have no doubt of its being at work. The discovery to which we refer, however, is said to be applicable to common roads. The matter seems to work in this way; your vehicle is at the door—you climb the steps—take the reins or the rudder—twitch your thumb, press your toe, or do some other insignificant action, [after the manner of freemasonry and, you are off at an unimaginable degree of speed. The result in the water is not yet stated, perhaps not yet tried; but any power which can move wheels on land can move them on water, and that suffices for locomotion, if the vehicle keeps afloat, which we shall secure in our case by the virtues of gutta percha or cork mattresses. With these views before us, it is highly probable that a man, for nothing, except the original build and equipment of his vehicle, which may or may not be expensive, will be enabled by and by to leave the North Bridge, Edinburgh, at half-past one; make a short call at